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*Nylons*





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containing  
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two-by-two.  
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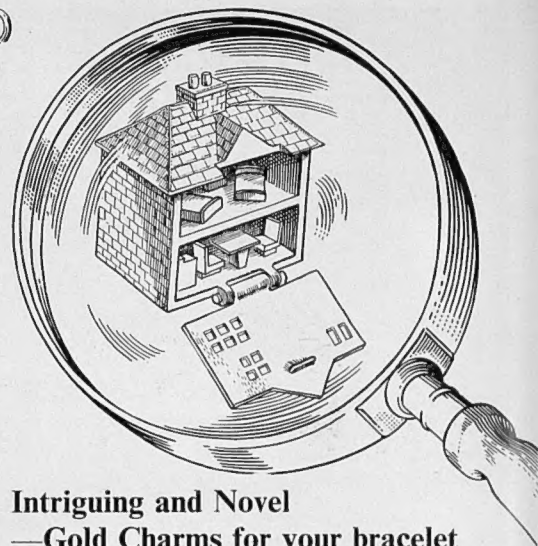


Enamelled Parrot in Cage.  
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with  
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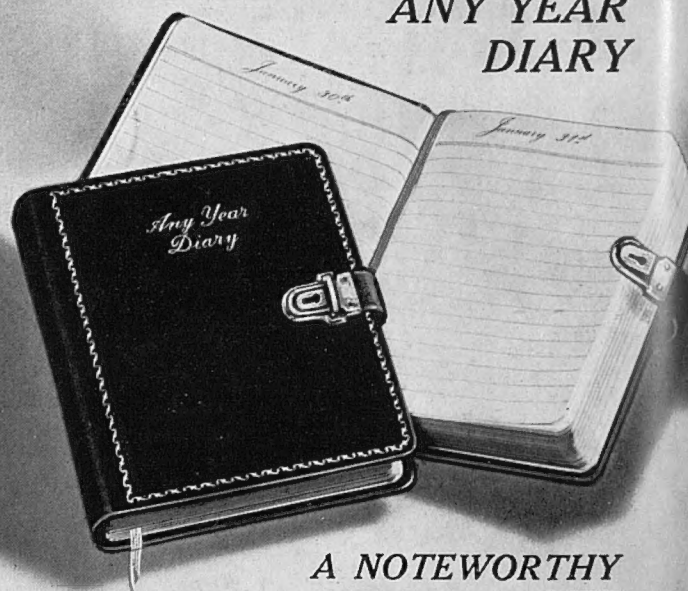


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TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

## The man who discovered what to give for Christmas



There was a man who had a daughter. And he thought that no-one else had a daughter half so kind and clever and lovely. And he wanted to give her a present that would make her eyes shine.

He puzzled for weeks. And suddenly he knew.

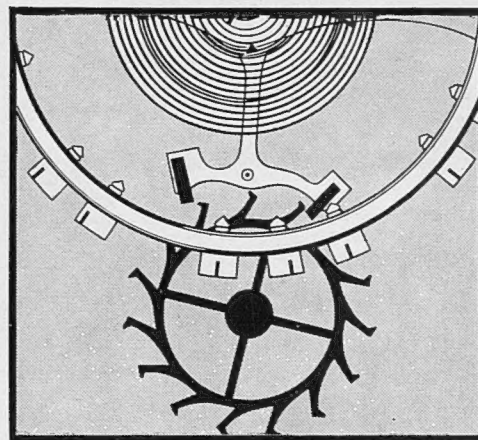
A beautiful watch would be exciting, her first jewellery, something she could be vain about.

A reliable and lasting watch would be something she could use a hundred times a day, every day, for many years.

A trustworthy jeweller showed him that good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watches, made by the world's best craftsmen, are watches like that.

So she became a very proud daughter.\*

\* *The Swiss make men's watches just as carefully as women's.*



### THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

*Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard*

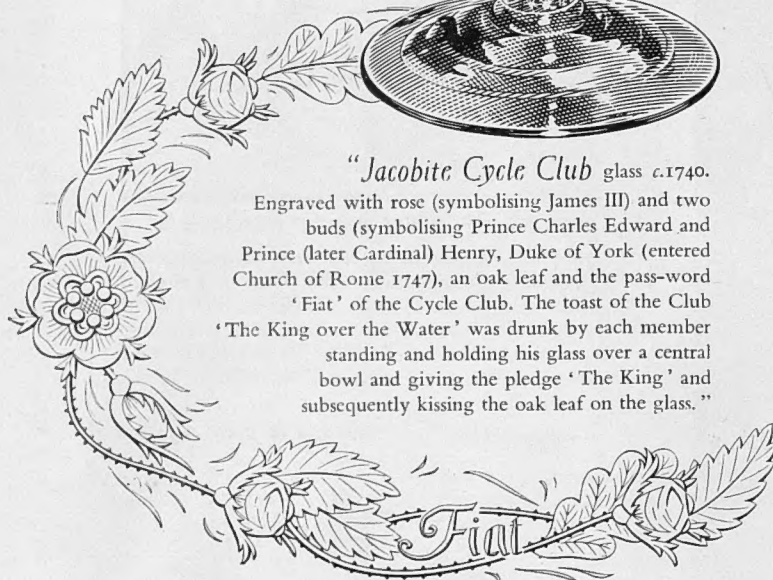


THE WATCHMAKERS  
OF  
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# MARLBOROUGH PORT

*A vintage character wine for any connoisseur*



*"Jacobite Cycle Club" glass c.1740.*

Engraved with rose (symbolising James III) and two buds (symbolising Prince Charles Edward and Prince (later Cardinal) Henry, Duke of York (entered Church of Rome 1747), an oak leaf and the pass-word 'Fiat' of the Cycle Club. The toast of the Club 'The King over the Water' was drunk by each member standing and holding his glass over a central bowl and giving the pledge 'The King' and subsequently kissing the oak leaf on the glass."

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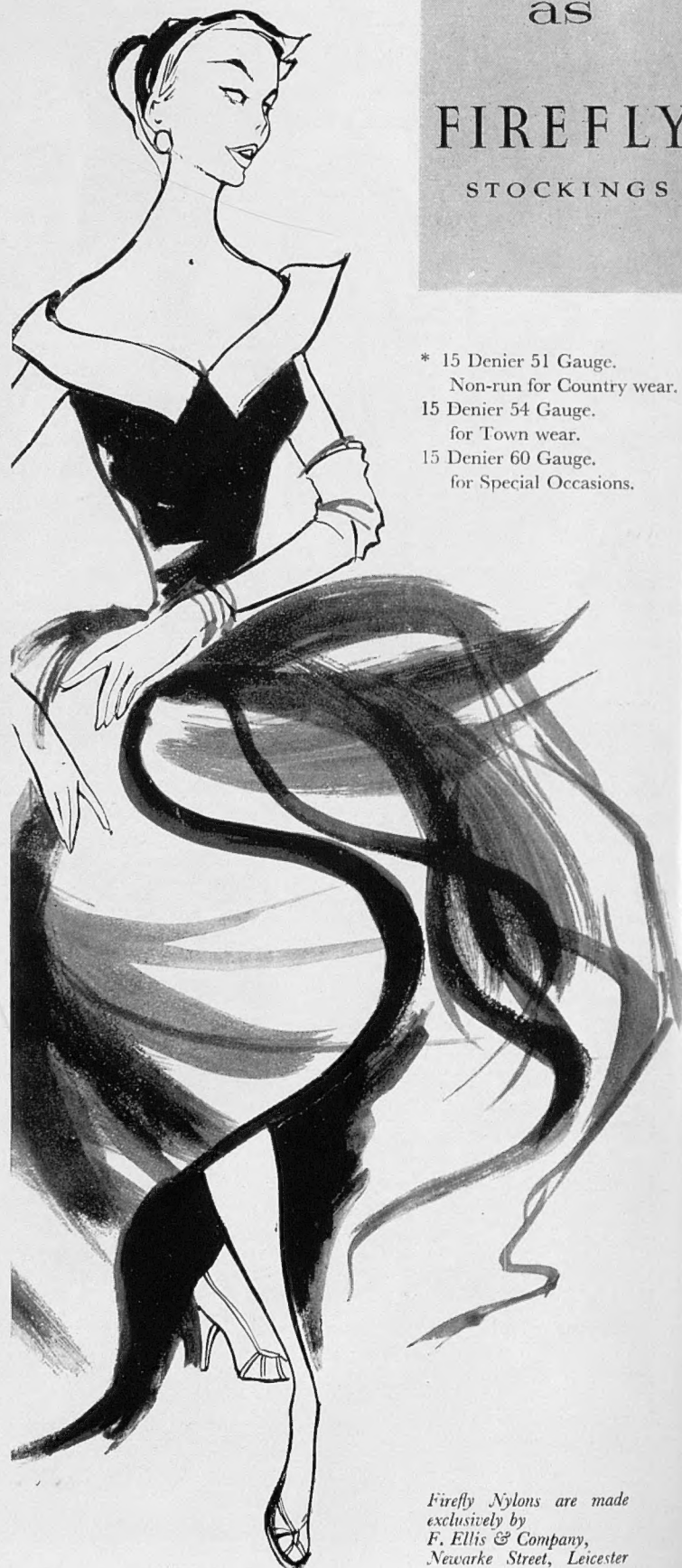
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Non-run for Country wear.
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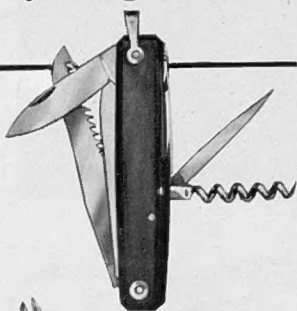
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8 instruments  
£1.7.6



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W. gwood base  
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Clock,  
Thermometer and  
Barometer in pigskin  
case and alarm £29.1.6

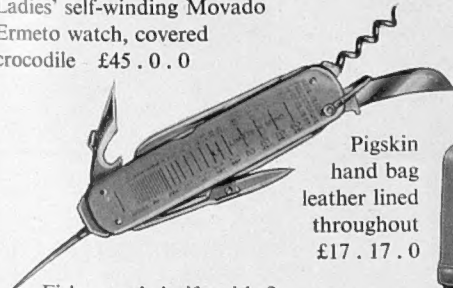
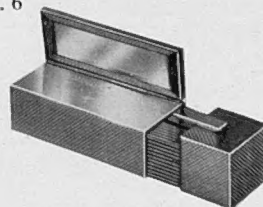


Six silver-plated  
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£5.7.6



Ladies' self-winding Movado  
Ermeto watch, covered  
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## Helena Rubinstein makes it A NOA NOA CHRISTMAS! (Tabitian for Very Fragrant)

New  
Tropic Fragrance  
in novel exciting  
gift packs



Noa Noa Skin Perfume  
in glass mock bamboo bottles 18/-, 30/-  
Noa Noa Dusting Powder 16/6  
and Noa Noa Perfumette to slip in  
her handbag, 21/-

Here is a totally new adventure in perfume. It is called NOA NOA, and it is the most fervent, rapturous, sense-stirring fragrance of them all. Helena Rubinstein sought inspiration for NOA NOA in the exuberant and exotic paradise of Tahiti. Now here it is—the fragrant gift that is all things to all women ... the gift that creates a *personal* paradise! Give her Noa Noa Skin Perfume, Noa Noa Dusting Powder 16/6 and Noa Noa Toilet Soap—three tablets 10/6.

## And many more exciting Christmas gifts...



A new range of beautiful Christmas gifts. You'll find luxury soaps, dusting powder and skin perfume in all the lovely Helena Rubinstein fragrances. Ask to see these and many other beautiful thoughts at your favourite store.

### Young Beauty Gift Set

Exciting new Silk Minute Make-Up in pretty pink crystal case; glowing Stay Lustre Lipstick; gentle penetrating Deep Cleanser; and rich, all-purpose Skin Clearing Cream 31/6.



### New Generous Gift Perfume

A bumper bottle of perfume to express your most generous thoughts! Green Velvet 63/-, Apple Blossom 52/6.

### Twin Jewelled Skin Perfumes

Each in gay Christmas case with sparkling bejewelled top. Apple Blossom and Green Velvet 33/-, Apple Blossom and Best Seller 34/6, Green Velvet and Best Seller 36/-.



# Helena Rubinstein

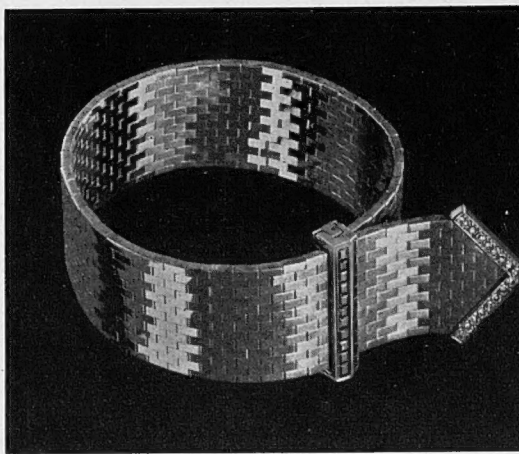
3 GRAFTON STREET • LONDON W.1 • PARIS • NEW YORK



## Gifts of Gold

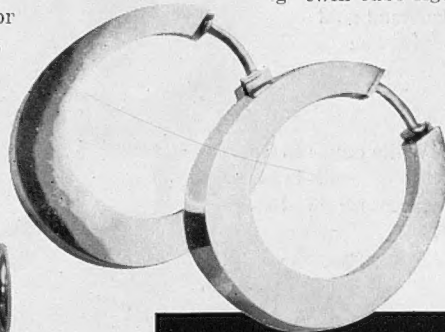


Above Mesh bracelet, plain or jewelled with diamonds and rubies or sapphires. Drop earrings and ring to match also available. Bracelet—9 ct plain £72.0.0, jewelled £159.10.0, 18 ct jewelled £239.10.0



All below, 9 carat

- a red and white gold tie-clip £8.10.0
- b elephant key-holder £27.0.0
- c stirrup key-holder £9.5.0
- d earrings designed by Finnigans £26.0.0
- e cigar piercer £11.0.0
- f pen-knife £6.7.6
- g twin-tube cigarette holder £10.10.0



# Finnigans

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## Choosing your Brandy

V.S.O.P



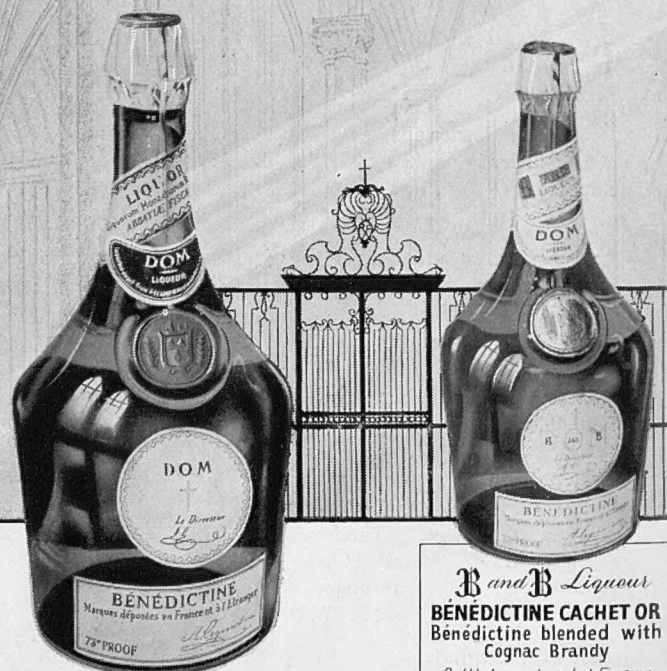
Lovers of good brandy gladly pay a little more for a cognac which they know to be of superior quality. This is why they instinctively order Remy Martin V.S.O.P. They know it is made from grapes of unique quality found only in the best two areas of the Cognac district of France. They know too that Remy Martin produces *only* cognac of this superior quality.

VSOP · VSOP · VSOP · VSOP

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*Pride of Cognac*

# THE ONE AND ONLY Bénédictine



**B and B Liqueur**  
**BENEDICTINE CACHET OR**  
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*Bottled & matured at Fecamp  
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*La Grande Liqueur Française*



The Unforgettable Gift . . . the watches which have passed the

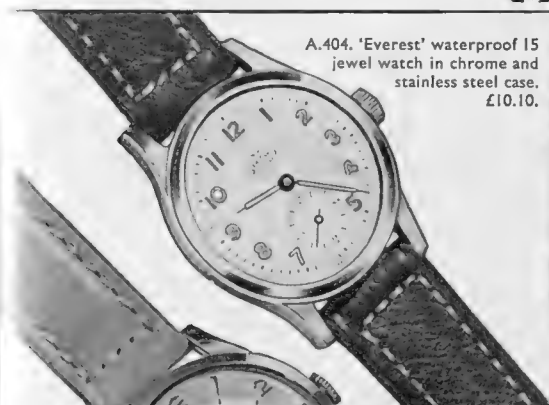
# "Double Proof" Test



The exhaustive 16-day factory test plus the most rigorous possible trials in actual use . . . at 'Everest' for instance with Sir Edmund Hillary, and in the service of many other expeditions . . . prove the supremacy of Smiths de Luxe Watches. British made by British Craftsmen, the movements are UNCONDITIONALLY guaranteed for one year, and all have the Smiths PERMALIFE Mainspring. See the fine selection of beautifully styled models for men and women. Sold exclusively by Jewellers from £7. 15. 0.



B.527. Charming lady's model in 9 carat gold case, with raised gilt numerals and silvered dial. In presentation case. 15 jewels. £16.16.



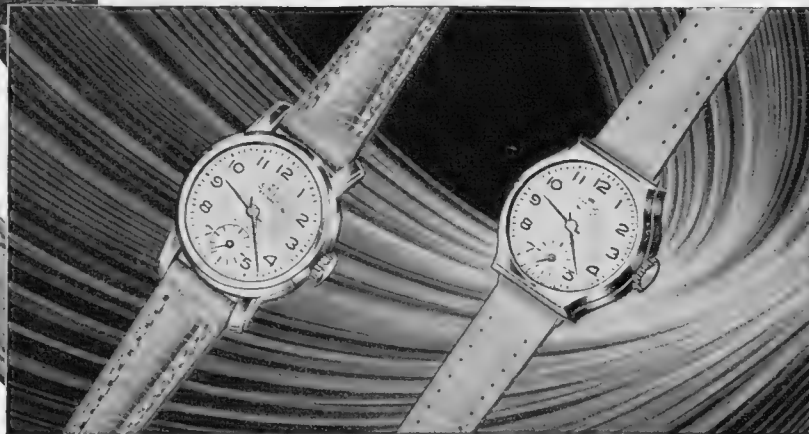
A.404. 'Everest' waterproof 15 jewel watch in chrome and stainless steel case. £10.10.



A.504. 15 carat gold 15 jewel watch with raised gilt figures. In presentation case. £22.10.



A.358. Gold plated 17 jewel watch, with raised gilt batons and sweep seconds hand. With bracelet. £11.5.



B.216. Lady's model in chrome and stainless steel case, raised gilt numerals and silvered dial. 15 jewels. £8.12.6.

B.312. Lady's gold plated model, 15 jewel, with raised gilt numerals and silvered dial. £10. 10.

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DE LUXE

A  
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The High Grade Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd



# Gifts with a Difference

## Figure Lamp and Shade

Pottery figure in natural colours, with Beige and Green striped half-shade. Height 17".

Complete £9.15.0

(Post and Packing 3/6)  
Electrical—First Floor

## 8-Day Timepiece

Finely lacquered on Walnut veneer, can be supplied in any colour. With a Smiths English 7 jewel lever movement. Size 9" x 7". Fully guaranteed.

(Post free) £9.17.9

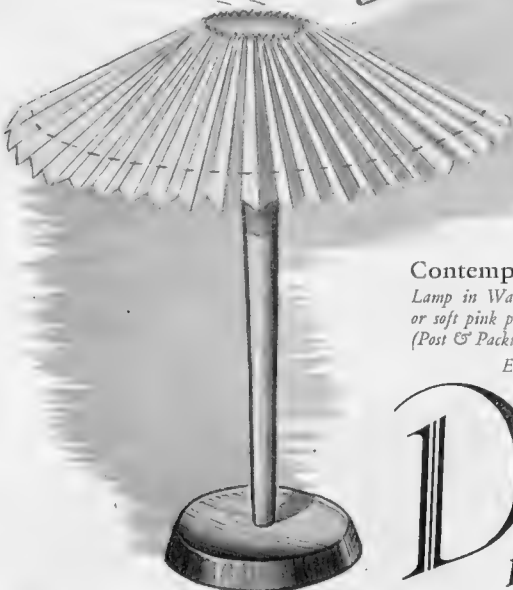
Clocks—Ground Floor



## "Flower Cart"

An attractive novelty for displaying flowers or confectionery. Size 12" x 13". In White only. Price 39/6 (Postage & Packing 2/6). Flower pots containing felt flowers, each 5/6. (Postage & Packing 8d.)

Fancy Goods—  
Ground Floor



## Contemporary Lamp and Shade

Lamp in Walnut with pleated shade in cream or soft pink plastic. Height 26". (Post & Packing 6/6). Complete £3.13.6

Electrical—First Floor

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"NOILLY PRAT"  
and your 'French'  
will be perfect!

Today, as for the last 150 years, Noilly Prat is still blended up to a quality — not down to a price — that's why it's still the world's most sought-after 'French'.

## Here is what makes the difference

Noilly Prat is blended from the pick of the vermouth grapes, Picpoul, Bourret and Clairette.

- ★ Every drop of Noilly Prat is matured for at least 5 years before bottling.
- ★ Noilly Prat's distinctive 'French' tang is produced by slow-process maceration of herbs and flowers, not by manufactured infusions.
- ★ Noilly Prat is still bottled in France in the large vermouth bottle.



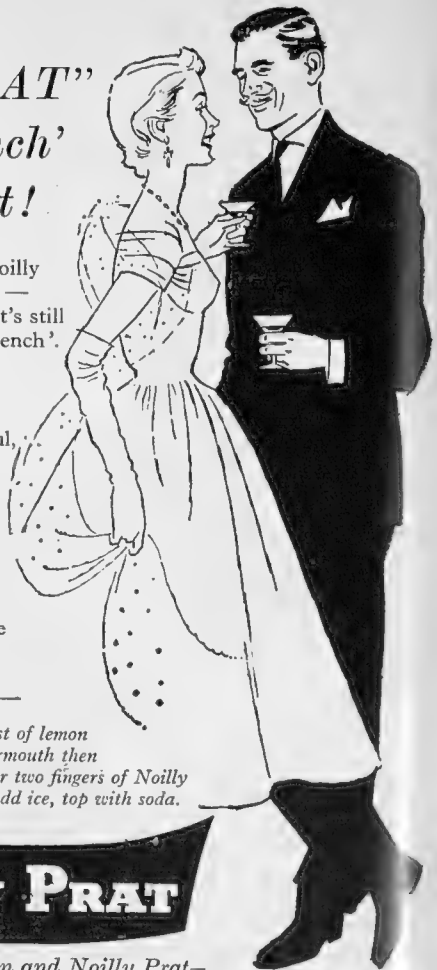
## A refreshing change—

Noilly Prat neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into the vermouth then dropped into it, or pour two fingers of Noilly Prat in a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.

# NOILLY PRAT

by insisting on Gin and Noilly Prat—  
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## YOUR PASSPORT for a delicious tour of France

Without even leaving the table, you can have much of the joy of a tour through France, land of sunshine and good living! Get your wine merchant's advice. *He'll* tell you that wine really means France, and France means a whole series of glorious wines—a choice for every taste and every mood. Every pocket, too: prices range from about 6/6 a bottle. Here's a brief reminder:

### ALSACE

On the French side of the Rhine, Alsace produces many white wines of distinction. The dry Riesling, the robust Pinot, the elegant pale-green Sylvaner, the full, medium Muscat—all are crisp and clean, fresh and fragrant.

### BORDEAUX

The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb château wines, Bordeaux offer fine value at every price.

### BURGUNDY

Rich and full-bodied, the red Burgundies—Beaune, Nuits, Macon, Beaujolais, and many others—are perfect with roasts and grills. White Burgundies include fresh, dry Chablis and Pouilly Fuissé, golden Montrachet and Meursault.

### CHAMPAGNE

The wine districts of Epernay, Rheims and Ay are consecrated to the production of a French miracle

—Champagne, sparkling wine of sparkling gaiety! Champagne is the perfect drink for any festive occasion, and can be enjoyed from hors-d'œuvre to dessert.

### LANGUEDOC/PROVENCE, ROUSSILLON AND ALGERIA

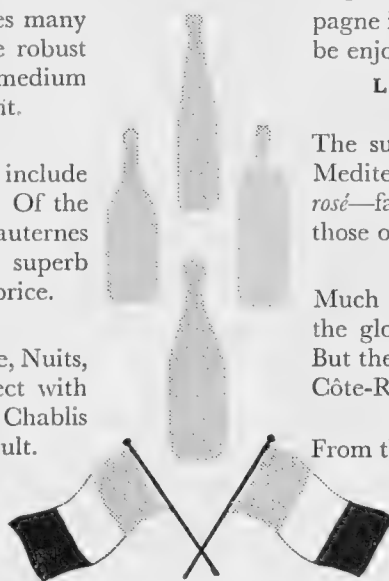
The sun-baked south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and *rosé*—famous locally but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

### RHONE

Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Châteauneuf du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel *rosé*.

### TOURAINE/ANJOU

From the valleys of the Loire and the Cher come the fresh and ever-refreshing Rosé d'Anjou; delicate Vouvray, both still and sparkling; fruity Saumur; and Muscadet, with its distinctive fragrance.



## Welcome to the glorious WINES OF FRANCE

ISSUED BY THE FRENCH NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR WINE PUBLICITY, IN CONJUNCTION WITH  
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*Ford* sets the fashion



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# MARTELL

## CORDON BLEU

*Cognac*





## The golden aristocrat of perfume



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DRESSED in gold for a new golden age, L'Origan comes to you with splendour and magnificence. Heady and lingering. It has an intimate, dreamlike quality, a hint of excitement. Wear it opulently, like a jewel.

# L'Origan de



*Coty*

L'Origan comes afresh with a golden entourage of toilet luxuries—'Airspun' Face Powder, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder, Bath Dusting Powder, Toilet and Bath Soap, Bath Salts, Tonic Hair Friction Lotion, Liquid Brillantine.

12/6 • 25/- • 38/6 • 64/-

In leather travelling case 75/-



DEC. 8  
1954

Volume CCXIV. No. 2787. TWO SHILLINGS  
Postage : Inland 2½d. Canada 1½d. Foreign 3d.



## The Queen's Cavalrymen

HER MAJESTY paid a signal honour to her cavalry (now mechanized) regiments when she attended the Balaclava Ball, at the Hyde Park Hotel, which celebrated the centenary of the Charge of the Light Brigade. Here the Queen is arriving at the ball in company with Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, Colonel of the 8th Hussars. The guard of honour was provided by troopers of the five Light Brigade regiments, in full dress uniform. Jennifer describes the ball on pages 632-3



## LORD KEMSLEY'S SON WEDDED

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother was present at the marriage of the Hon. Anthony Berry, youngest son of Viscount Kemsley, to the Hon. Mary Cynthia Roche, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Fermoy, whose country home is Park House, Sandringham. The ceremony, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, is described by Jennifer on page 633



*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## THE BALACLAVA BALL

A MEMORABLE evening, whose parallel we are unlikely to see again in our lifetime, was the Balacava Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. This event commemorated the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balacava during the Crimean War one hundred years ago, and the ball was given by officers of the five regiments which took part in the charge, the 4th, 8th, 11th and 13/18th Hussars and the 17/21st Lancers.

It was attended by the Queen, looking radiant in a full-skirted pale grey lace dress with a diamond tiara, necklace and ear-rings, and the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter. With her was Prince Philip wearing the full dress of the 8th Hussars, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief, with the Garter ribbon across his tunic, and the Queen Mother wearing a pink crinoline with a diamond tiara, ear-rings and ruby and diamond necklace and the ribbon of the Garter. Most of the men present wore

the full dress uniform of their regiments, which made it a superbly colourful scene.

Some of these uniforms had belonged to those who had taken part in the famous charge. Perhaps the most striking was the heavily braided full dress tunic and fur trimmed and braided sling jacket originally in the possession of the Earl of Cardigan who commanded the Light Brigade during the charge, which Maj.-Gen. John Combe, Colonel of the 11th Hussars, wore at the ball.

THE Colonel of the 8th Hussars, Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, received the Royal party and presented the colonels of the other four regiments, Lt.-Col. Stephen Eve who commands the 4th Hussars and was deputizing for the Prime Minister, Maj.-Gen. John Combe, 11th Hussars, Maj.-Gen. C. H. Miller, 13/18th Hussars, and Maj.-Gen. R. B. B. Cooke, deputizing for Lt.-Gen. R. Hull 17/21st Lancers. He also presented Lt.-Col. Charles Wainman, late 4th Hussars, who

had organized the ball most efficiently.

In the alcove at the top of the stairs were arranged some pieces of truly magnificent silver belonging to the regiments, and in a small showcase at one side was the dog collar worn by Jimmy, the little terrier who went through the whole campaign and even took part in the historic charge.

FOR more than an hour the Royal party danced in the flower-decked ballroom, where the regimental crests in flowers hung on the centre pillars, and then went through with some of their hosts to the candle-lit supper room.

Among the company, I met Viscount Cowdray and Major Peter Dollar, both outstanding in their full dress uniform, with Viscountess Cowdray in white, wearing her magnificent square-cut emerald and diamond necklace, and Mrs. Dollar in a pale orchid-coloured dress. General Sir Gerald Templer, in scarlet tunic, was talking to friends, also



Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. R. G. W. Stone, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Col. the Hon. R. G. Hamilton-Russell and Capt. and Mrs. Ivan Straker, the latter wearing her beautiful white lace, silver embroidered wedding dress. Mrs. R. B. B. Cooke was there with her husband, also Col. Basil Woodd who until recently commanded the 14/20th Hussars, Lt.-Col. Vincent Dunkerly at one time C.O. of the 13/18th Hussars, Mrs. Bill Wainman, over from Ireland and looking charming in crimson satin, and her brother Brig. Tony Pepys, Colonel of the Royals. Capt. Ivo Fitzherbert who was in the 8th Hussars, and his lovely wife, were there, also the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, the latter wearing a fine tiara, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe in white and with magnificent diamond wings in her hair, dancing with Mr. Lowry Corry, and Mr. Peter Hornby, who is in the 17/21st Lancers. He told me he had flown back from Germany that morning.

★ ★ ★

**B**EFORE going to the Balaclava Ball, I went for two hours to the "500" Ball at Claridge's, held in aid of the British Rheumatic Association. H.H. Princess Marie Louise the President, and the Dowager Lady Swaythling the chairman, were both present. H.R.H. Princess Alexandra, who looked enchanting in a yellow chiffon dress and two rows of pearls, and behaved with great poise and dignity, sat at a table with a party of young friends, including Princess Louise de Chimay in a tomato red crinoline, the Hon. Diana Howard, the Marquess of Hertford, Lord Patrick Beresford and Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox.

The Princess's lady-in-waiting, Lady Moyra Hamilton, was in attendance. Major Philip and Lady Margaret Hay, the Marquess of Hertford's sister, were two older guests in Princess Alexandra's party.

Many débutantes of the past two seasons were there with their escorts, who when they were not dancing were trying their luck at the tombola, or the treasure trove, while some of the young men were trying to ride a nearly unrideable wooden horse. During dinner there was a mannequin parade and around midnight a cabaret.

**D**ANCERS I saw included Viscount and Viscountess Savernake, the Hon. David and Mrs. Montagu, Miss Sally Clive dancing with Mr. Euan McCorquodale, Mr. Noel Cunningham-Reid, Lady Jennifer Bernard in a red crinoline, and the Hon. Janet Hamilton, also in red, who for a short while joined in the mannequin parade, modelling a fox stole among the tables, much to the amusement of her friends. Sir Andrew and Lady Clark had their younger daughter Susan and a young party with them.

Also there were Mrs. Neville Rolfe, the very efficient Hon. Organizer, Miss Margaret Pinder wearing an exquisite bead-embroidered white satin dress—she had worked hard for the success of the ball as one of the two honorary secretaries—the Hon. Ralph Mansfield, hon. treasurer, and his wife, Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, Miss Linda McNair Scott, the Hon. Mary Stopford, the Hon. Nicole Yarde-Buller, Mr. Nicholas Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Nielson and Mr. Geoffrey Day.

The ball is pictured on pages 648-9.

★ ★ ★

**T**HE day after her return from the United States and Canada, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, wearing a steel grey satin dress with a hat trimmed with pink feathers and a platina fox stole, attended, in

St. Margaret's, Westminster, the marriage of the Hon. Anthony Berry, youngest son of Viscount Kemsley, and the Hon. Mary Roche, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Fermoy. The Bishop of Norwich, Canon Charles Smyth and the Rev. Hector Anderson assisted in the service.

Vases of white flowers decorated the church, and the bride chose a dress of white slipper satin with a full skirt falling into a train which was designed for her by John Cavanagh. Her tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara and she carried a shower bouquet of white flowers. Her retinue included three pages, Richard Berry, nephew of the bridegroom, who was making his first trip to London from Northumberland, the Hon. Anthony Warrender and James Russell, who wore cherry red velvet suits with lace jabots and cuffs. The nine child bridesmaids were Catherine Berry and Lady Lemina Gordon, nieces of the bridegroom, Anthea and Jennifer Gill and Elizabeth Fogg Elliot, cousins of the bride, with Lady Rose Cholmondeley, Tana Alexander, Angela Scott and Venetia Stanley-Smith. They wore long white tulle dresses with cherry-red velvet sashes and head-dresses of pink and white flowers.

**L**ADY FERMOY, who wore a green velvet coat and hat, removed her coat before she stood at the reception at Hutchinson House to receive the 500 guests with Lord Fermoy and Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, the latter a regal figure in a magnificent gold embroidered dress and hat to match, and a sable stole. The Hon. Colin Tennant, who was best man, made an excellent speech proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom after they had cut their wedding cake, and the bridegroom made everyone laugh when, in reply, he began by saying that Lord and Lady Fermoy would not be holding any more wedding receptions this year. (Their younger daughter married Viscount Althorp last June.)

Among members of the family I saw at the wedding were the bride's uncle the Hon. Francis Roche, who was frequently being mistaken for his twin brother, her sister Viscountess Althorp wearing a velvet mob cap with her fur coat, and Viscount Althorp who was one of the ushers, her brother the Hon. Edmund Roche, the bridegroom's only sister, the Marchioness of Huntly, the Marquess of Huntly, the Hon. Denis and Mrs. Berry, and the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, the latter wearing a beautiful black velvet coat with a pale blue satin cap and pale blue gloves. Lord and Lady Rocksavage were there to see their daughter as bridesmaid, and Mr. Derek Stanley Smith also saw his tiny daughter Venetia carrying out her duties in this rôle perfectly.

**I**MET Lady Willoughby de Broke, who was escorted by Sir Eric Miéville, Cdr. and Mrs. Ronald Scott Miller (he is M.P. for King's Lynn, the constituency Lord Fermoy represented in the house from 1924-35 and again from 1943-5), Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander and her cousin the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, Brig. J. Smyth, V.C., and Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield. The Hon. Katharine Smith came with Miss Judy Montagu, Sir Beverley and Lady Baxter were there, also the Hon. Randal and Mrs. Plunkett and her daughter Miss Victoria de Rutzen, Mr. Bobbie Craigie, and Mr. Patrick Forbes.

**M**ANY ski-ing enthusiasts attended the Downhill Only Ski Club dinner-dance at the Savoy. The guest of honour, this year, was Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve, a former President of the Ski Club of Great Britain,

[Continued overleaf]



THE QUEEN MOTHER talking to Viscount and Viscountess Althorp at the Berry-Roche wedding reception



The bride's parents, Lord and Lady Fermoy, watch their daughter and her husband drive away from the reception



The Hon. Anthony Warrender, son of Lord and Lady Bruntisfield, was a page, and Angela Scott a bridesmaid



## Continuing The Social Journal

## A Winter-sporting party in London

who was accompanied by Lady Eve. They sat with the President, Sir Adrian Jarvis, who after dinner made a most amusing speech, proposing the toast of "Our Guests." Sir Malcolm, who is renowned as an after-dinner speaker, replied. Mr. Fritz Borter, who had come over from Wengen especially for the dinner, then made a short speech.

Sir William Mabane, who is a devotee of Wengen, was also at the President's table, and everyone was glad to see Mr. Paul Hepworth, hon. treasurer of the club, about again after his serious illness. He and his wife, who skis well, are off at the end of the year to spend two months in Wengen where he can fully recuperate. Many friends were greeting Mr. Karl Molitor, for many years Swiss ski champion, who had also come over from Wengen.

**M**R. KENNETH FOSTER, a former President of the Club, and Mrs. Foster, had a big party and other ski-ing enthusiasts present, who usually find their way to Wengen in the winter, were Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield and their daughters, Mrs. Hensman and Miss Ruth Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh and his daughters, Mrs. Iaian Hilleary with her husband and Miss Vora Mackintosh, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Barnard Hankey, Mr. and Mrs. Rollo Hoare, Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Walduck, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cutlack, Mr. and Mrs. Curley Rogers, Miss Angela Stormonth-Darling, and Mr. Toby Barker, who is one of the leading lights of the Wengen Curling Club.

With the increase of the foreign travel allowance to £100, it will be far easier for many more people to take their holiday in Switzerland this winter. I was also interested to hear that the instructions which were operating in 1951-52 have been re-instituted, so that you can buy your season ticket on the Swiss Railways to go up, say, from Wengen to Scheidegg each day, in sterling, before you leave this country, without deducting it from your basic allowance.

Pictures will be found on pages 642-3.

★ ★ ★

**B**EATRICE LILLIE received a tremendous reception when she returned to the London stage after an absence of some years. In *An Evening With Beatrice Lillie* at the Globe Theatre, she radiates her unique sense of fun, especially in the second half which she carries entirely herself. I was interested in the reaction of a twenty-year-old in the audience on the opening night who said how much he had enjoyed the show and added, "I certainly want to go again soon." So obviously Miss Lillie has the same magic for the younger audience as she has for those who enjoyed her performances before these twenty-year-olds were born!

Among the audience on the opening night were Rose Marchioness of Headfort making her first visit to a theatre for five months, Dorothy Dickson, Walter Crisham, Adrienne Allen, Joyce Carey, Lady (Ralph) Richardson and Sir Leigh Ashton.

★ ★ ★

**A**NOTHER big wedding I went to took place in North Wales, when Capt. Ivan Lynch, the Rifle Brigade, only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Lynch, married Miss Jennifer Williams, eldest daughter of Mr.



## THE PREMIER AT 10 DOWNING STREET

**SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL** Sreceiving a great ovation on their return to Downing Street after the state opening of Parliament and Sir Winston's eightieth birthday ceremonies held at Westminster Hall



Mrs. Christopher Soames arriving at Downing Street with her children Nicholas and Emma for the luncheon given by her father for his family and personal friends



Francis Williams, Q.C., the Recorder of Birkenhead, and Mrs. Williams, of Llys Meirchion, Denbigh. The ceremony took place in St. Sadwrn's, Henllan, which was decorated with pale pink chrysanthemums and silver leaves, and was conducted by the Bishop of Bangor, who made one of his outstandingly good addresses, while Canon Jenkyn Jones, the Rev. Stephen Jones and the Rev. Cledwyn Owen also took part in the ceremony.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked sweet in a white tulle crinoline appliquéd with lace, and a tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara. She was attended by two pages, Richard Mainwaring and Robert Williams-Wynn, wearing replicas of the Rifle Brigade uniform, also by two child bridesmaids, her youngest sister Victoria Williams with her cousin Carol Jarvis, and four older bridesmaids, Miss Tessa and Miss Antonia Williams, sisters of the bride, Miss Vivien Lynch, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Rosemary Jarvis, a cousin. They all wore dresses of pale pink silk net with raspberry pink velvet sashes, capes and muffs, and a narrow velvet headband.

THE reception was held at the bride's home, where Mrs. Williams, wearing a dress and hat of reseda green, received the guests in the drawing-room with Mr. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, the latter in a mushroom pink suit with a velvet hat to match and a mink stole. Vases of flowers were arranged in all the rooms, and the big marquee which adjoined the drawing-room. Here the bride and bridegroom cut their wedding cake in the presence of more than 400 guests.

The bride's uncle, Sir Adrian Jarvis, proposed the health of the young couple to which the bridegroom replied with a short and sincere speech.

Relatives and friends there, many of whom had come a long distance to wish the young couple happiness, included the bride's uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Lyle, who had motored up from Surrey, Lady Lyle wearing a little peacock green feathered cap with her dress of the same shade and a long fur coat, Mrs. Lawrence Williams, Lady Mainwaring, Brig. Hugh Mainwaring, the Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire, and Mrs. Mainwaring, whose small son Richard was a page, Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, Master of the Flint and Denbigh hounds, and Lady Williams-Wynn, who also had their son Robert performing the duties of page, and Elizabeth Lady Williams-Wynn. The bride's aunt, Mrs. Mona Lees, who is also her godmother, was there with her son and daughter, Lt. John Lees, R.N., and Miss Marion Lees.

EVERYONE missed the bride's maternal grandmother, Lady Jarvis, who was prevented from coming up from Sussex owing to a fall in which she unfortunately broke her wrist and badly bruised some ribs. Capt. Philip Glover, R.N., came up from Surrey with the Hon. Mrs. Glover and took some ciné pictures of the wedding. Lt.-Col. the Hon. Michael Edwardes, commanding the Rifle Brigade, was present, and brother officers of the bridegroom including Capt. Martin Whiteley, Capt. Paul Greenwood, Capt. Tom Jackson, and Mr. Roddy Petley. Capt. William Turnoch of the Queen's Royal Regiment was the very busy best man.

Others at the wedding included Brig. and Mrs. Jack Colam, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Jarvis with their four daughters (two were bridesmaids), Capt. John Vaughan of the Coldstream Guards, who was an usher, and Mrs. Vaughan, and Lady Graham and her daughters Mariegold and Helen.



## H.M. THE QUEEN AND HER CONSORT

The bride wore a long red velvet coat and little hat to match when she and her husband left for their honeymoon in the sunshine of Majorca.

★ ★ ★

THE magnificent and solemn scene in the House of Lords when the Queen enters, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and makes her speech from the Throne to open Parliament, never ceases to be inspiring.

So it was on this latest occasion, Her Majesty, wearing the Imperial State crown, a three-row diamond necklace, diamond drop ear-rings, with a white and silver dress, and a crimson velvet train carried by her pages the Hon. Anthony Tryon and Mr. Edward Adeane, took her place on the Throne, with Prince Philip in full dress naval uniform, sitting on her left. To her right on the dais stood the Marquess of Salisbury, carrying the Cap of Maintenance, and to her left Viscount Woolton bearing the Sword of State. Near them were the Marquess of Cholmondeley, the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal. Then, in her clear, sincere voice, the Queen read her speech, outlining a very full programme to be carried out by Parliament.

Members of the Royal family present were Princess Margaret in white with a tiara and diamond necklace, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the latter in black velvet and diamonds, and Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone. Nearby sat the wives of the Ambassadors, including Mme. Massigli in white satin, Mme. Hägglöf in a golden satin crinoline and white fox stole, Mme. Mendoza in pink faille, both wearing tiaras, Mme. Brosio, Senhora Leao Gracie, the Marquise du Parc Locmaria and many more.

THE Queen accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh waves to the crowds from the Irish coach during the return drive from the Houses of Parliament after Her Majesty had officially opened the new session

AMONG those watching this impressive ceremony were the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon—she, like most of the women present wearing a magnificent tiara—the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair and the Marquess and Marchioness of Normanby, the latter wearing a silver mink cape over her black dress. The Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale were there, also the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, Earl and Countess Fortescue, Earl Bathurst who came in with Lord Fairfax, Earl and Countess Beauchamp, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, Lady Mansfield wearing her magnificent all-round diamond tiara with a raspberry pink dress, and Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn. The latter looked wonderful in black velvet with a diamond tiara, but wore little other jewellery as she was robbed of her magnificent pearls and much other jewellery six weeks ago.

Lord and Lady Hore Belisha were present, also Lord and Lady Grantchester, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the latter in white satin embroidered in pearls, Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, she was in pale blue, Lord and Lady Ennisdale, and Lord and Lady Barnby.

Those sitting in the gallery included Lady (Anthony) Eden, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, Lady Dorothea Head, in grey, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, M. Carlos de Beistegnie, Mme. Clasen, Sir Algar and Lady Howard, Mr. G. R. Niven, President of the Northern House of Assembly in Nigeria, Lord John Cholmondeley, Mrs. Victor Goodman, Brig. J. Smyth, V.C., and the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Samuel.

Many of those present from both Houses of Parliament went on to the historic presentation ceremony to the Prime Minister in Westminster Hall, commemorating his eightieth birthday.





## SINGING CRESSIDA

MAGDA LASZLO, the Hungarian-born soprano who has so successfully created the part of Cressida in Sir William Walton's new opera, *Troilus and Cressida*, which opened at Covent Garden on December 3. Magda Laszlo was born in Marosvasarhely, Transylvania, and studied at the Franz Liszt Conservatoire. The opera, which is Sir William Walton's first work in that medium, was commissioned by the B.B.C. The libretto is by Christopher Hassall



## Profile of a Composer

### WILLIAM WALTON'S FIRST OPERA

by Spike Hughes

JUST before the Elgar Second Symphony began the young man with the pale face and fair hair moved a couple of seats along the row in Queen's Hall gallery and sat next to me, asking in a whisper if he might look over my miniature score. In the interval we went to the bar and found a mutual friend, the late Hubert Foss, who published my companion's music and was hoping to publish the translation he had commissioned me to make of a vast German work about Wagner—if I lived that long. It was then that I learned I was meeting William Turner Walton for the first time, a typical first meeting which quickly revealed two pronounced aspects of his character: his intense curiosity about music, and his friendliness.

That was twenty-seven years ago; the composer was twenty-five then, thin, tall, and when seated seemed to be all knees and elbows. It was natural and inevitable that he should have been universally known as "Willie." He looked like "Willie," far more so than Mr. Somerset Maugham has ever done. Unlike Mr. Maugham, however, William Walton has been allowed to grow out of his nickname, and those who now still address him with the diminutive will receive a look of reproach for having known him a long time, perhaps, but obviously not well.

LIKE many successful composers William Walton started off with a resounding flop. Or rather, with what one would have imagined from reading the popular press of the time was a resounding flop. The first public performance at the Aeolian Hall in 1923 of the Edith Sitwell-William Walton "entertainment," *Façaade*, caused a first-rate literary and musical *scandale*. Though most of the abuse was for Dame Edith and her poetry, the music came in for its share of ridicule, too, and it was not until three years later that Mr. Ernest Newman, hearing *Façaade* for the first time, anticipated the verdict of a more enlightened posterity by greeting "a humorous musical talent of the first order." The history of *Façaade* since those first stormy days has been pure Cinderella stuff. In its original form with the verses, it has been broadcast and recorded\* and performed with growing frequency and success.

PROBLEMS of composition and their solution are a process which almost give him physical pain and he works with quite remarkable difficulty and slowness. This unusual creative tempo, however, while it led to his Symphony making its first public appearance in 1934 minus a finale, has not been altogether responsible for Walton not writing his first opera until he was over fifty. Before the war, as now, if one conductor or orchestra did not want to play his symphony a composer

in this country could go elsewhere; there were plenty of conductors and orchestras to choose from. But if he wanted to write an opera where could he have gone for performance? Only Sadler's Wells, and in those days the Sadler's Wells opera audience was as conservative in its taste as the ballet audience was insatiable in its demand for novelty. Covent Garden, of course, was out of the question, for in those days a "new" opera meant one which had not been performed for the past five international seasons.

WITH characteristic prescience, Walton sensed that things might be different after the war, that opera in English would need an English opera, and on September 4, 1939, he laid in a store of large-size manuscript paper with the express purpose of using it, he explained, "for my opera." What "my opera" was going to be about (if and when) he had not the faintest idea. Indeed, it might never have become more than a pile of manuscript paper if the B.B.C., for the second time in the composer's lifetime, had not approached William Walton with a commission. In 1930 it had been *Belshazzar's Feast*; this time it was for an opera.

It was a commission Walton accepted eagerly enough, for it made up his mind for him; at the end of the war he had toyed with the idea of writing a choral ballet on the subject of Agamemnon for Frederick Ashton who "wouldn't mind if it became an opera by mistake." The B.B.C.'s commission, however, turned the composer's thoughts away from a choral ballet which might turn into an opera, to an opera which would be mounted at Covent Garden as soon as it was finished. *Troilus and Cressida*, with libretto by Christopher Hassall, was finished in September this year, the date at the end of the full score written on that paper bought "for my opera," being headed with the words, "To my Wife."

LAYMEN, already disappointed and resigned to the fact that composers no longer "look" like composers, may well be confused to learn that Walton is also very much what he appears to be: a level-headed and shrewd Lancashire business man. Equally, he does not wear his art on his sleeve and the stranger may be a little surprised to find his house full of admirable and discriminately chosen pictures which, in their very diversity of subject and style, are as characteristic of their owner as the gentle manner which conceals his great physical strength, as the earnest expression, worn when he takes a call to the platform during a concert, which scarcely suggests that here is an impish spirit with a quite appalling lack of reverence for his own music.

It is the irreverence of the born parodist who loves what he parodies, who produces ribald words to suit the solemn tune of the Coronation march, *Crown Imperial*, and who long ago announced that the main theme of the finale of the Symphony should be sung to the immortal soldiers' words "... and the same to you!"

If the Man at Work takes his time, the Man



Douglas Glass

Sir William Walton who is one of the most distinguished of our British composers. He was knighted in 1951

at Play presents an obstinate contrast. When the slow-working composer bought his first motor car he chose a Rolls-Bentley. His second is a Rolls-Bentley, too; he sold the first one because it wasn't fast enough. This one goes over 100 m.p.h. Walton learned his driving as an A.R.P. ambulance driver during the war, a school of driving famous for barring no holds. But travel, as distinct from driving, is another matter. Here he likes to take his time. Last year he was invited to Hollywood to conduct a single concert of his works. Instead of flying (which is the method unaccountably favoured by most musicians these days) William Walton took a month over the journey, travelling there and back, deliberately and comfortably, by surface transport all the way.

NOW, as before the war, Walton goes to Italy to compose whenever he is able; his love of Italy (and its language, which he speaks with immense confidence and *con brio*) has been a predominant influence in his life since his undergraduate days at Oxford.

When in Italy the Waltons live on Ischia, in a villa overlooking the sea on the north-west side of the island; in London they live to the south-west of Belgrave Square, in a house with Rowlandsons on the wall and eighteenth-century Italian pictures, full of movement and fun and grotesque *commedia dell'arte* figures. Upstairs, overlooking nothing more distracting than a blank wall, is the composer's workshop; it contains a grand and an upright piano, and—taking up most of the floor—a vast Contraption which is his desk.

The next work to find its way on to this desk will probably be a 'cello concerto. After that, when his friends have all helped to get the composer unstuck over the concerto, it may well be another opera. And why not? Considering that William Turner Walton took longer to write his forty-minute symphony than the whole of *Troilus and Cressida*, which lasts three times as long, he may now be considered to have stepped up the rate of production considerably. He must beware, however, of becoming slapdash.

\**Façaade* has recently been recorded by Edith Sitwell on LP. Although nearly everything he has written has been recorded, William Walton appears to have no machine to play the records on.





MAJOR KENNETH WATT AND THE HON. JOHN COVENTRY are partners in Messrs. Tattersalls, the world-famous firm of bloodstock auctioneers, who are expected to have a record turnover for their annual December sales at Newmarket next week. The best part of a thousand thoroughbreds will come under the hammer, the first batch being the valuable mares and foals submitted for sale by the executors of the late John Dewar. Both partners will take their turns in person on the rostrum. They now replace the former giants of the sale ring, the last of whom, Somerville Tattersall, was a direct descendant of the Richard Tattersall who founded the firm in the late eighteenth century. The sale paddocks, due to the enterprise of Major Watt and Mr. Coventry, are now adorned with the celebrated fountain ("the fox"), which is surmounted by a bust of the Prince Regent. Other emblems of the past are on the walls of the new restaurant and offices

## Roundabout

—Paul Holt

THE new embossed stamped envelopes, just issued, show a profile of the Queen wearing a small crown which has been deliberately tilted back on her head. Instead of pressing down on her forehead, which has always made queens look ridiculous to my mind, it is worn in the style of a tiara, back from the face and setting off the line of the neck.

There may be a fuss about this but I feel strongly in approval.

Send her victorious most certainly, but she won't be happy unless she is allowed to be graceful as well as glorious.

★ ★ ★

Mr. E. R. Guest, the Old Street magistrate, has my sympathy. He had an

absurd problem to solve the other day and he did it with sense and dignity.

He was dealing with the case against Lt.-Col. John Fitzherbert Symes Bullen, whose two children, Charles (11) and Anne (12) had appeared at a Flower and Country Show at Olympia, riding their ponies.

Because the customers paid for their seats these two kids had contravened the Children and Young Persons' Act, said the L.C.C.

Mr. Guest dismissed the case absolutely, on payment of costs.

The whole point seems to me to be this. The customers in the ringside seats were paying money to see the children ride. The argument of the L.C.C. was that

this made the children professional performers.

But if that is so every chubby child on a fat cob at a local gymkhana must in future be classed as a professional, and news of this is likely to distress their fond mothers and fathers no end.

To carry the thing to its logical conclusion I can see a government inspector standing at the jumps. He marks up a £5 fine for a clear round, but cuts it down to £3 10s. if the child knocks a bar down.

How silly can bureaucracy get?

★ ★ ★

IT was wicked, perhaps, but during *An Evening With Beatrice Lillie* at the Globe Theatre I could not resist



glancing at my neighbour, an eminent actor-knight, in the stalls.

He is a remote man, but as the entertainment proceeded on the stage I saw his expression change from interest to admiration and then—because actors are actors—I could detect the faint flicker of envy cross his face as Miss Lillie became more outrageously clever in her quick changes of mood.

Occasionally he would laugh out loud, a good, noble laugh. It was like an accolade being given.

The laugh said: "Arise, Sir Joke!"

★ ★ ★

A good friend arrived from California. He was here during the war, when he was a cloak and dagger man, dropping agents in enemy-occupied territory.

This time his mission was peaceful. He brought his wife to show her for the first time the London he loves.

In plain gratitude, for they have been most hospitable to me every time I have been to America, I said to my friend's wife that if there was anything at all in town she wished to see I would make myself responsible for it.

The Diaghilef Exhibition? The Eighteenth Century Paintings at the Royal Academy? Gog and Magog back in all their ridiculous splendour at the Guildhall?

She said no. Please would I take her to Madame Tussaud's? Since her childhood it had been her one firm ambition to visit the Chamber of Horrors.

So we went. And she was happy.

★ ★ ★

THERE has recently come into my possession a bronze cast of a lion's paw. It would be better if I confess frankly that the paw belonged to a remarkable lion. His name was Said Effendi and he defied a king, all unconsciously.

The lion belonged to the late Major "Pongo" Barker, game warden of the Sudan. Pongo became so fond of Said Effendi that he kept him in his back garden, special pride of his private zoo.

The late King Fuad of Egypt, father of the ridiculous Farouk, wrote to the major on one occasion asking if he had available a good lion skin which he could present to a visiting potentate. The major, who was a wit, replied that the only good lion skin he knew of was the property of Said Effendi, who did not wish to dispose of it. The King replied that he did not know Said Effendi, but he was sure that when he knew who wanted the skin he would surrender this trifle.

So the correspondence grew, and as each request became more imperious, so Said's insistence grew that he did not



THE C.P.R.E. gave their second annual dinner recently at Grosvenor House. The chairman of the Council, Mr. G. Langley-Taylor, was here with Mrs. Langley-Taylor

wish to part with his skin. Pongo solemnly preserved the file and bound it in leather. Said's fame grew, and he had many admiring visitors.

★ ★ ★

Nobody travels on Tuesday.

Now, why is that? Is Tuesday a hoodoo day?

I was talking to the station master at a London terminal and he said he could not rightly tell me. He said you could kick a football around his station on Tuesday at lunchtime without hitting anybody.

We agreed that the reason must be that Monday sees the weekender back in town. And the host (or rather hostess) takes Monday and Tuesday off to recover from the rigours of having guests. And it is not until Wednesday that country folk



AT A FILM PERFORMANCE in aid of the Gosfield Hall Appeal Fund: H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester with Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony and Miss Frances Day

begin to get on the move again, to do their business or their shopping.

It's a strenuous life we lead, to be sure.

★ ★ ★

ALICE B. TOKLAS was the life-long friend of Gertrude Stein ("pigeons on the grass, alas"). But besides being a remarkable friend she was a remarkable cook. I have been looking through some recipes she discovered and I particularly like this one.

#### *Gigot de La Clinique*

"A surgeon living in the provinces, as fond of good cheer as he was of learning, invented this recipe, which we acquired by bribing his cook. No leg of venison can compare with a simple leg of mutton prepared in the following manner.

"Eight days in advance you will cover the leg of mutton with the marinade called Baume Samaritain, composed of wine and virgin olive oil. Into this balm, to which you have already added the usual condiments of salt, pepper, bay leaf, thyme, beside an atom of ginger root, put a pinch of cayenne, a nutmeg cut into small pieces, a handful of crushed juniper berries, a dessert spoon of powdered sugar (effective as musk in perfumery), which serves to fix the different aromas. Twice a day you will turn the gigot. . .

"After you have placed the gigot in the marinade, you will arm yourself with a surgical syringe of a size to hold half pint which you will fill with half cup of cognac and half cup of fresh orange juice. Inject the contents of the syringe into the fleshy part of the gigot in three different spots. Refill the syringe with the same contents and inject into the gigot twice more. Each day you will fill the syringe with the marinade and inject the contents into the gigot. At the end of the week the leg of mutton is ready to be roasted; perfumed with the condiments and spices, completely permeated by the various flavours, it has been transfused into a strange and exquisite venison. . ."

Oh, well. This is what a friend of mine calls "the simple life on a high level."



THE CIRCLE BELGE DES LONDRES dinner guests at 6 Stanhope Gate included Mme. du Parc Locmaria, Cdt. Cuissart de Greille, H.E. the Marquis du Parc Locmaria, M. E. Champenois and Mme. G. Cuissart de Greille





F. J. Goodman

MLLE. TESSA D'ALCANTARA is one of the five beautiful daughters of the late Count Francois d'Alcantara de Querrieu, and the Countess d'Alcantara de Querrieu, of Rhode St. Genese, Brussels. She is nineteen, and has been in this country studying English together with her eighteen-year-old sister Sabine and Marie who is twenty. They are looking forward to the coming-out ball their mother is giving for them in Belgium in the spring

### Priscilla in Paris

## Mirage in the Fog

**W**ARNING to visitors ! Never go shopping on a Thursday during the few weeks that precede December 25. Schools are closed on Thursdays in Paris and the big shops are overrun by small persons conducting their parents to the toy departments. (I must add that this, very happily, is merely a personal appreciation ! I hate shopping and where strange, small children are concerned the fewer the merrier for my tolerance. Seen *en masse* from a distance, however, as I saw them one afternoon this week, they formed a heart-warming sight.)

The morning dailies had alarmingly headlined their stories of the *brouillard Londonien* and *purée de pois*, but what Paris boastfully calls

"London Fog" or a "pea-souper" is little more than a mist compared to a London particular. So light a mist indeed that car drivers cannot even make it an excuse to hot-stuff the traffic lights.

**I** WAS near one of the big stores where Christmas decorations were riotously lavish. The whole five-storied frontage blazed with garlands, wreaths and girandoles of multi-coloured electric bulbs. Seen through the mist it was enchanting and one believed in fairyland. The immense, plate-glass windows were floodlit and crowds of children flattened their absurd little button-like noses against the glass in an ecstasy of joy. Grown-ups hovered on the outskirts at a discreet and kindly distance, all having one anxious eye on the brood and the other on the attractive toys

displayed. There are moments in a parent's life when one becomes lightheartedly strabismic, and this was one. There was sadness also in the grown-up eyes that gazed window-wards. The toys were so very, very lovely, but so very, very costly!

**W**E may try to find consolation in the thought of the fun most children can get out of the insides of an old clock, or a musical box, or a bag full of empty reels that have been enamelled in gay colours; one remembers the attachment little girls seem to show for their oldest and ugliest dolls. All the same, a really handsome aeroplane that catapults a parachutist from ceiling-level is rather nice to own, and a Paris-dressed doll with real hair, that can speak, cry, walk and close its eyes can almost be said to be a social asset.

On the other hand, I fear that the doll makers of France have brought realism to such a pitch of perfection (?) that the requirements of the more superior modern doll-babies are quite embarrassing.

**P**ARIS theatres are getting ready for the Christmas holidays. After the three years run of *Revue du Tonnerre* there will be a new, spectacular revue at the Casino de Paris where Henri Varna is producing two hundred million francs worth of talent, scenery, costume star-turns and gorgeousness that can be enjoyed from the "Club" armchairs of the stalls to the top row of the gallery.

At the Européen, that pleasant little theatre near the place Clichy, there is a one hundred per cent French operetta starring Roger Nicolas, the funniest human dynamo in Paris, charming music and some quite enchantingly pretty damsels.

The Comédie Wagram presents a straight comedy entitled *The Sewing Machine*. Its humour sails somewhat close to the wind. One may take one's daughter there, also one's mamma, but I am not sure that it would be great-grandmamma's savoury, though of course one never knows! Max Fabert, actor-manager of the C.W., warned the critics on the eve of the opening night that he had run the first and second acts into one because he felt it might be dangerous to give them time to think the matter over and be shocked during an interval.

After due reflection, why not take great-grannie and risk the result. Max Fabert has installed headphones to many seats in the theatre; they transmit translations as the play progresses. Non-linguists who do not understand French can hear it in English. I imagine that it would be easy, at dangerous moments, to give a little twitch that would disarrange the connection; if grannie is a radio fan such small accidents would not upset her.

**O**NE thing more, because I have spent amusing moments there. Suzy Solidor has moved into the tiniest cabaret in Paris. The ex-Sardine Box of the rue Balzac, off the Champs-Élysées, has now become Chez Suzy Solidor. She sings there at ten o'clock for people who like to go to bed early and at midnight for those who are night birds.

This famous descendant of a famous Corsair has been painted by all the famous artists of our days. One hundred and fifteen portraits. She has brought them to her new quarters. A prodigious feat of fitting greater dimensions into lesser.

### Très chère, trop cher

● Young Dupont to his future mother-in-law: "I sometimes lose my temper for nothing!"

Mme. Defarge: "It won't be for nothing with my daughter!"





## FIVE GENERALS AT "56. A.D." BALL

COLOURFUL uniforms of bygone days greeted guests at the ball given by the 56th Armoured Division, composed of London Territorial regiments. Some 400 officers and their ladies danced into the small hours, and visitors included no fewer than five generals. Large parties came from such celebrated regiments as the Honourable Artillery Company, Rough Riders, Sharpshooters, Westminster Dragoons and others, and a number brought regimental silver to use on their tables in the Dorchester ballroom



Major-Gen. David Dawnay, D.S.O., the G.O.C., greeting Miss Esme Handover and her escort, Mr. David Garrett



Left: With a party from 101st Field Regt., R.A., were Lt. and Mrs. R. B. Moorcroft, Capt. B. A. S. Blackie, Miss Richardson, Miss J. Woodbridge, Lt. I. E. Benfield, Miss J. Gobey and Lt. C. J. Flind



Right: Major B. H. Garsi (Rough Riders) and Mrs. Garsi passing a brother officer, Capt. John Phelps, and Miss A. Shortland during a dance



## SKIERS MET TO DINE, DANCE AND PLAN THEIR HOLIDAYS

THAT great band of skiers, the Downhill Only Club, gathered in London for a most enjoyable celebration of the approaching winter sports season. The Club, whose H.Q. is Wengen, includes most of Britain's leading ski-ing representatives, and their guest of honour, Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve, who was accompanied by Lady Eve, was himself formerly President of the Ski Club of Great Britain. Jennifer writes of this pleasant evening on p. 634



*Left: Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, eminent as a horse-show rider and exhibitor, was dancing with Sir William Mabane*

*Right: Miss Vora Mackintosh, who was in the British ski-ing team for six years, had an aperitif with Mr. Jack Shaw-Stewart*



### ~~~~~ DINING IN ~~~~~

## A light hand is the secret

BEFORE the war, there was a pleasant little restaurant (now gone) in Jermyn Street, where the *maitre d'hôtel* specialised in cooking at table. It was always fascinating to watch the expert, dainty way he handled food, his step so light that it might all have been a part of a modern ballet scene, with the Dancer serving the Lady.

One of his *chef d'œuvres* was Steak Diane, and he made no secret of the ingredients. The dish was simplicity itself and, as is so often true of simple fare, utterly delicious. Here it is:

Choose entrecôte steaks, about a third of an inch thick, not fillet ones, because the fibre of the fillet would break down under the beating that it will receive. Trim the steaks, place them on a board and gently tap them out to almost twice their original "spread." (The bottom of a milk bottle will do quite well for this.)

For four very thin steaks, pour a dessert-spoon of Worcestershire sauce into a large frying-pan and heat gently to evaporate the liquid. This leaves behind the spices captive in the sauce, but no moisture. Add a good dollop of butter to the pan and, when it is bubbling gently, add a finely chopped shallot, or leave it out if you do not want that flavour.

PLACE the steaks in the butter and turn them almost at once, so that they are barely cooked, unless you want them better done. Keep the first ones hot while you fry the others. Finally, add as much freshly chopped parsley as you wish, more butter and more Worcestershire sauce. Heat together, then pour this pleasant piquant dressing over the steaks.



Vegetables? Well-drained and dried cooked French beans, dusted with seasoned flour and tossed in foaming butter. Straw potatoes are also excellent but, at the last minute, something of a cooking chore, so you may prefer potato crisps, re-heated in the oven.

MONT BLANC (timely now that chestnuts are here) is generally a moulded sweet but, made as follows, it is very good—much better, indeed, than the rather stodgy moulded ones we sometimes get.

Here is the most satisfactory way I know of removing the two skins from chestnuts: Make a cut on the flat side of each of a pound of nuts. Turn them into a strong pan with three table-spoons of olive oil sprinkled over them. Shake over a good heat for five minutes. Transfer to a fairly hot oven for another five minutes, then rapidly remove both skins.

Place the nuts in a pan with enough boiling milk to cover them. Add a tiny pinch of salt, a vanilla pod and sweetening to taste, then simmer until the nuts are soft. Rub through a sieve or, better still, force them through a potato ricer on to a large plate, lightly shaping them into a circle with two forks.

Fill the centre with whipped cream, flavoured with vanilla sugar.

—Helen Burke

## DINING OUT

## They seemed such lovely goals

It is well known that 57,000 people saw the Wolves beat the Spartak team at Wolverhampton. It is also well known that hundreds of thousands saw it on television, but it is a matter of some doubt if anybody saw it under more satisfactory conditions than those provided by Messrs. Short and Woodruff for eight guests at the Wimbledon Hill Hotel.

The television was good, but the delicacies on the dining table were of such quality that it was difficult to keep one's "eye on the ball." The cream of celery was followed by *Truites à la Hussarde*, skilfully prepared to the recipe of Madame Prunier, and just as the great match started, in came a whole glistening and crackling

sucking-pig. The wines had been Pouilly Fuisse '49 and Chateau Gruaud Larose Sarget '29, but when the goals started to pile up for England towards the end, it was too much for the landlords who, in deference to the occasion and out of courtesy to our opponents, produced a bottle of Vodka; it was a Vodka a goal, three in quick succession.

MENTION of the word "guests," brings to mind a very interesting letter from Mr. Herbert Cowley who, at the age of eighty-four, is, as he says, passing his remaining days among the Exmoor scenery. I quote paragraphs from his letter:

"I was Chief Cashier of the Carlton Hotel, Pall Mall, in 1899-1900 with Messieurs Ritz and



Harcourt

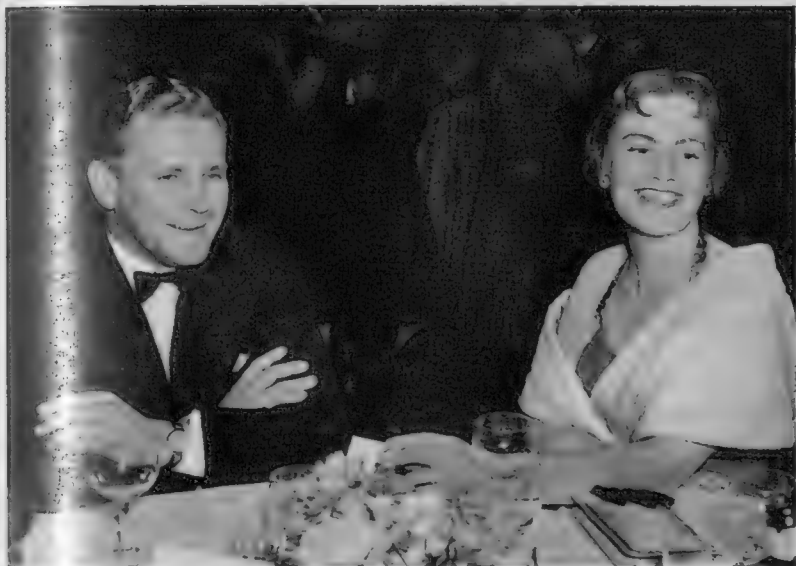
Escoffier, and every other night, when on late duty, supped with them, so you can imagine I know what I'm talking about.

"I refer to the word GUEST. If you ask me to dine at your house I am your guest, but if I have board and lodging at your hotel I am a visitor. If hotels only served 'guests' they would soon be bankrupt. Besides it's so silly to be called a guest when you are paying for what you have."

ANYWAY, we were undoubtedly guests at the opening of Bentley Brothers' new hot fish restaurant in Swallow Street some days ago (this is in addition to the old premises, and replaces those damaged in the war). This restaurant opens from 11.30 to 3 and from 5.30 to 11, serving a large variety of the finest fish, much of which is cooked to choice. It is in an ideal position for sustenance before the theatre, because it is within walking distance of most of them.

One experiment failed as far as I was concerned, smoked oysters. Bentley's oysters are far too good to eat in any other way than as they are opened. As for smoking them! Horrible!

—I. Bickerstaff



Left: Mr. Tony Scott-Rogers and Mrs. Peter Crauford were at a table beside the Savoy dance floor



Right: Mr. Paul Hepworth, the hon. treasurer, was deep in discussion with Mrs. Rollo Hoare between dances



Left: Miss Pat Smythe, champion horsewoman, with Mr. Karl Molitor, the Swiss skier, many times winner of the Swiss championship



Right: Mr. John Bennett, Miss Elizabeth Garnham, Miss Margaret Hazard and Mr. David Payne were exchanging notes



## At the Theatre

# Balloonists Beware

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood



BEATRICE LILLIE sings from her delightful repertoire—has a spot of bother in a January white sale—and as a cook-general gives herself notice with Cockney aplomb

NOTHING (fortunately) has happened to cause Miss Beatrice Lillie, during her long absence abroad, to change her belief that we are all living in a completely mad world. She comes back to us at the Globe just the same terrible child that we remember in the 'thirties—so open-eyed to our general absurdity that it hardly seems to matter which of our pet lunacies she may happen to hold up briefly to a disdain always mischievous, and sometimes positively lethal.

She is often at a loss for words to express her scorn of it all, but then she has perfected a diamond-sharp, casually glittering art that can get along very well without words.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this most individual and bewildering clown is that she is never more comic than when she is about to do something comic, and decides on a seeming caprice that it would be still more comic if she did not do it.

THE most dazzling instance of this consummate mastery of anti-climax is her attitude to the amorous advances of an impassioned baritone. She is about to sing something herself when she is suddenly enveloped in the tempestuous folds of this gentleman's opera cloak and besought with operatic frenzy to "Come into the garden, Maud." In this highly romantic situation she comports herself with a calm as absolute as the point of stillness said to remain constant in the heart of a roaring cyclone. The mighty passion of love is simply stared out of countenance. It slinks away, and we never expect to hear its name again.

As a born deflator, Miss Lillie is adept in creating an atmosphere of decorous amenity which can destroy with a blast of farce. She is hardly to be excelled in the nice conduct of an elegant fan; yet, in a trice, the thing in her hands has become a flyswat. Not even a mink coat exacts her respect. She sinks to the ground under its weighty opulence and is a kitten washing itself over the ears.

She twirls a necklace with insouciant joy and the rope of pearls turns into a grotesque

lasso slipping incontinently round her to the floor. Carried away, she gives the bright-coloured scarf about her throat a suicidal twist. "Don't panic," she murmurs with a brave choke to the front row of the stalls. "It will come undone; at least, it always has."

FANS, mink coats, pearl necklaces, dashing gestures, sentimental outbursts, even her own weapons of satire, to her there is something absurdly, madly pretentious about all these things, and she is determined to put them in their place.

What makes the whole deflating business so exhilarating is its apparently effortless spontaneity.

The atrociously unkind woman visiting the nervy star at the end of an exhausting first night may be a socialite or she may be

a rival actress. We are never quite sure, and Miss Lillie does not care a hoot. All that matters is that the woman, tired of launching barbed compliments, should be free to ruin the actress's most fancied costume, show how Pavlova danced "Swan Lake" and demonstrate how she is to ride a camel in her own next show. In a world compact of futilities, why should anyone bother to be kind!

MISS LILLIE is partnered in the first half of her programme by Mr. Leslie Bricusse, one of the successes of the Cambridge Footlights in their recent Phoenix season. Mr. Bricusse is a comedian of decided promise, but here his material is altogether too much akin in spirit to Miss Lillie's own, and his treatment of it suffers from the inevitable comparison.



LESLIE BRICUSSE educates the audience with a highly imaginative travelogue à l'Americaine and Constance Carpenter insists on good domestic references



Angus McBean

## R.A.D.A. PRIZEWINNER IS ANOUILH HEROINE

**F**EW young actresses become a leading lady at twenty-one, only five months after finishing their dramatic training. This is the outstanding achievement of twenty-one-year-old Mary Ure, from Glasgow, who will be Paul Scofield's leading lady in *Time Remembered*, which opens at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, on December 31st. This play has been translated and adapted from Jean Anouilh's *Leocadia* by Patricia Moyes

## London Limelight

### Schweik loses his soul

**I**t would have appeared to be good news that *The Good Soldier Schweik* had been done into a play. News of a minor miracle, perhaps, but a pleasant one. Theatre Workshop, in presenting the story at the Embassy, have transformed it into one of those amateur charades for Saturday night with a family whose ideas are neither new, statesmanlike, nor national, however they flatter themselves.

George Cooper as Schweik must be excepted: he alone seemed to have grasped that he was in strange propagandist toils which were extraneous to the personality he was representing. Ern Brooks has designed a changing black-and-white cartoon décor based on the original illustrations, which is admirably in the spirit of this episodic tale. But, dearie me, it takes more than a left

hook, a chunk of blasphemy and an insistence on fleas and borborigmi to make a play.

**S**IR GEORGE ROBEX, once celebrated in these columns for his prowess as a footballer with Aston Villa, was the last of the great music-hall comedians. Little Tich, Wilkie Bard and Ernie Mayne, his eminent contemporaries, were fortunate in living in a pre-B.B.C. era, when to alter a line of well-remembered material was considered near to sacrilege, and a good gag lasted a decade.



THE INDIFFERENT PUBLICAN (Toby Blanchard) suffers the quarrel between the police spy (George Luscombe) and the soldier (George Cooper) in *The Good Soldier Schweik*

Robey was a very old man, even for his years, before the end, and it was sad to see him making so many gallant but tragic "guest" appearances. But in his heyday he was the master of audience control. He could debunk a Government with an eyebrow, reprove an army of prudes with a wink, and he restored vulgarity to its rightful refreshing meaning.

**T**HE report of the British Council on their year's work has just appeared. It has some odd entries. For example, Mr. George Devine has been lecturing the Greeks on play production and Mr. Norman Marshall has performed a similar service for the Italians. Mr. Robert Speaight has journeyed to Norway on much the same errand. If this journal organised literary competitions it would be agreeable to offer a prize for a dialogue between Sophocles, Pirandello and Ibsen on the subject, perhaps adding Molière to provide a summing-up.

Sooner or later, I fear, it will occur to the Council to send Mr. Brock to China to speak on the subject of fireworks, and Dr. Ludwig Koch seems likely to be approached at any moment to do a world tour on the delicate art of egg-sucking.

—Youngman Carter



## At the Pictures

# Fernandel

## Atomised

Elspeth Grant



As an off-duty sailor, Fernandel finds company in the bottle and a native girl (Lina Lopez)

**F**ERNANDEL is just about my favourite film comedian, so when I learned that I was to see him playing six different roles in *The Sheep Has Five Legs*, I could have jumped for joy, had my rheumatics permitted. I purred for days at the prospect: I courted disappointment.

If I had not been transported with anticipation, I might have suspected that the story would be somewhat over-contrived, as, indeed, it is, and that the camera trickery involved in presenting six different manifestations of Fernandel on the screen at once would be a little obvious, which, unfortunately, proved to be the case. I should have realised that the film was bound to be episodic rather than epic: after all, it was merely intended as a vehicle for the great man. As such it will undoubtedly do, for it certainly enables him to give a variety of ravishing performances.

**H**E appears first as a crotchety old peasant (with cotton-wool eyebrows) who, forty years ago, fathered male quintuplets—a circumstance which, at the time, brought great prosperity to his village, though it gave him no pleasure, as he would have preferred daughters. The State, delighted with his handsome contribution to the birth-rate, rewarded him by taking the boys from him and bringing them up "like gentlemen."

He hasn't seen them for years. The local municipal authority, thirsting for publicity, feels it would be a good thing to arrange a reunion of this interesting family. Despite the father's objections (he never wants to set eyes on his offspring), the godfather of the quins is despatched to round them up.

He finds one has become the proprietor of a fashionable beauty salon: Fernandel, smooth and smug, moves through the thronged establishment, slapping a double chin here, depilating a leg there, with that air of infinite condescension which ladies buying beauty seem to find irresistible in its purveyors.

One is a chuckle-headed window-cleaner—Fernandel at his most appealing—who has more daughters than dough; the episode in which the poor fellow enters into a pact with an undertaker is developed with rich, if macabre, humour.

**T**HEN there is the disreputable master of a cargo-ship—Fernandel boozily belligerent—whose bet with his mate as to where a fly will settle provides the most hilarious sequence for years. The remaining sons are a heart-throb columnist ("Aunt Nicole")—Fernandel brisk but benign, and a parish priest—Fernandel dolorous—whose unmistakable likeness to the Don Camillo of the movies throws his flock into stitches.

Each of these desperate characters is brilliantly drawn—Fernandel's comic invention and range of expression appear to be inexhaustible—which makes it the more regrettable that, over the family reunion, the film finally falls flat. No matter. The Fernandel fans should rush to see it and will hugely enjoy themselves and him.

**"THE GREAT ADVENTURE,"** written, directed, filmed and edited by Herr Arne Sucksdorff, is one of the loveliest films I have ever seen. It is a masterpiece of nature-study. The forests and lakes of Central Sweden are its background; its stars are the wild creatures who live there and two small boys who rescue a young otter from a trap and make it their secret pet.

The children are enchanting—Herr Sucksdorff has miraculously captured the very essence of childhood's innocence—and the animal life is enthralling. A businesslike vixen sets off through the dew-pearled grass, in the heavenly milky light of early morning, to poach poultry from a near-by farm for her six hungry cubs. The cubs, wide-eyed and wary, peep out from their earth. A snarling lynx prowls in the woods, while down in the lake the otters fish and fight.

Summer passes—a hare trembles in the wheat stubble as the hunting fox approaches. Winter comes—the ermine, winter-white as the forest, pursues the small snow-hare. Spring returns—and the children's beloved pet otter, responding to its call, goes back to the wild again.

The photography is exceptionally beautiful and an excellent commentary is admirably spoken by Mr. Norman Shelley.

Youngman Carter writes:—

**T**wo books, one very nearly the complement of the other, have just appeared for the delectation of picturegoers with long memories.

The first is *The Celluloid Mistress*, by Rodney Ackland and Elspeth Grant, who has been deputising so nimbly for Dennis Clarke in our pages. Here the horrors, the foibles and the triumphs of the ephemerally famous are mirrored with appreciative wit by a couple of experts. The book abounds in anecdote and should keep any movie-minded guest happy in his bedroom for hours at Christmas.

The second is *Silent Screen* (Hamish Hamilton; 50s.), a vasty compilation of old stills and close-ups by Daniel Blum. Better printing would have made this encyclopædic volume a real joy, but the loves of one's childhood are all there—Mary Miles Minter, Colleen Moore, Pearl White and, of course, the truly immortal Miss Pickford. I ruined three handkerchiefs and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

MARGARET LEIGHTON (above) plays a woman barrister in the new Lauder-Gilliat comedy for London Films *The Constant Husband*, and Jill Adams (below) the temporarily forgotten wife of a victim of amnesia, while Rex Harrison makes his return to the British screen as a philanderer of rare technique





## FOUR ROLES IN ONE FOR MISS SHEARER

**M**OIRA SHEARER, who herself has red hair, plays four entirely different roles, Daphne, Olga, Colette and Sylvia, in *The Man Who Loved Redheads*, the screen adaptation of Terence Rattigan's *Who is Sylvia?* Playing opposite her will be John Justin and Roland Culver. The film, which is in Eastman Colour, is directed by Harold French

## Television

### GRIM FAIRYTALE

**Freda Bruce Lockhart**



**G**EORGE ORWELL was an appealing twentieth-century mixture of Don Quixote and an authentic, if minor, prophet. By no stretch of planners' imagination could his vision of a hideous new world in *Nineteen-Eighty-Four* be interpreted as a Christmas fairytale. But it does present a particular challenge to television, itself a malevolent monster in his nightmare.

Rudolph Cartier, producer of Sunday's version, and Nigel Neale, who has adapted the novel, are the team to meet it. Together Cartier and Neale contrived the most satisfying TV serial yet, that exciting essay in science-fiction, *The Quatermass Experiment*.

**T**HEIR stars for *Nineteen-Eighty-Four* are Peter Cushing as the hero Winston, and Yvonne Mitchell, on the crest of her triumphs in the film *The Divided Heart* and at the Arts Theatre in *The Immoralist*, as Julia, the champion of the Anti-Sex League.

The opening of the new transmitter at Aberdeen is celebrated with a play by Scotland's *dramatiste d'occasion*, Robert Kemp, on Tuesday.

His *Nest of Singing Birds* is played by a Scots company, led by Moultrie Kelsall and Nell Ballantyne.

**P**ATRICIA FOY is bringing to "Music for You" on Monday a discovery from her triumphant series of celebrity concerts. He is Ralph Holmes, a young student of the R.A.M., who stood in for Yehudi Menuhin at rehearsal. Miss Foy, producing, was so much impressed with his talent that she and Eric Robinson are presenting him among Monday's celebrities.

Late Christmas shoppers will be catered for by S. E. Reynolds, the ex-Guardsman producer of Women's TV. On Tuesday evening he presents Margot Lovell and Marie Hill trying to show viewers "what every man should know" about presents.

## Gramophone Notes

### ZITHER GIRL



**E**VER since she was a small child, Shirley Abicair always wanted to see London, and eighteen months ago she packed her grips and her zither and took herself off from Australia.

In the general excitement of reaching her destination the zither went on to Ireland in the luggage of three nuns, and she gave her first audition without it.

When a student of Arts at Sydney University, Shirley Abicair cut adrift to go into show business. But with her it is show business with a difference. She knows what she wants to do, she knows what she is capable of doing, and she knows, above all, how to do it! That, no doubt, is part of the secret of her success, that and a sublime and intelligent interest and understanding of her fellow human beings.

**O**N her most recent recording she sings, with her zither and Philip Green and his orchestra, her own arrangement of "I'll Be True" and "Careless Love," and without any doubt at all this clever and fascinating young woman hits the jackpot in one. All the charm, warmth and genuineness that have made her so popular on the air, both in sound radio and TV, comes over on the record.

She is the answer to every critic's prayer; how unfortunate it is that there are not more like her, for she has that rare quality known, rightly or wrongly, as star quality. And she is absolutely unspoiled; her interest is her work and being a good entertainer.

**I** WOULD say that if Shirley Abicair wishes, she can be a world-beater, but this delightful creator of TV's "Tumbarumba" loves London, which is indeed fortunate for that city, and, what is more, I believe she will remain faithful to that love. This record of hers is like a shining pearl amongst the dross we all too frequently have to endure; hear and enjoy it—I know that you will. (Parlophone R.3939.)

—Robert Tredinnick



## PRINCESSES BROUGHT LUCK TO 500 BALL

H. H. PRINCESS MARIE-LOUISE was president of the ball held at Claridge's in aid of the British Rheumatic Association. The guest of honour was H.R.H. Princess Alexandra, who presented prizes during the evening. It was the seventh time the ball has been held, and was one of the most successful of the series. Jennifer describes it on p. 633



*H.R.H. Princess Alexandra, who has just returned from a visit to Ireland, presenting one of the prizes*



*Left: Miss Caroline Whittington-Moe and the Hon. Anthony Barnewall, who is Lord Trimlestown's elder son and heir. The diversions of the evening included a mannequin parade*



*Right: Princess Margharita of Baden at the hoop-la with Lord Carnegie, son and heir of the Earl of Southesk. Many recent debutantes came to this well-organised and high-spirited event*



*Sitting out for a time between dances were Miss Rosmary Parker and her fiancé, Mr. Timothy Legh Clowes*



*Miss April Brunner with Mr. Richard Berens, who had been fortunate in winning a bottle of champagne*



*Left: The Hon. Ralph and Mrs. Mansfield, who had come up from their home in Buckinghamshire. Mr. Mansfield is the younger son of Lord Sandhurst*



*Right: Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parker were two of the 500 guests who were enjoying the ball, during the course of which a display was given by a company of Spanish dancers*



# Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

RATS and mice danced in "a satanic saraband" round Schiaparelli's bed in the very early days at 4, rue de la Paix, she recalls laughingly in her just-published memoirs. Smart women have long since replaced these dumb chums in her dreams, no doubt. One wonders—does one not?—if Schiaparelli ever regrets old times.

When we used to frequent the Ritz Bar in Paris (Mumsie! He *must* wear a collar *sometimes*!) we often recognised in our dreams the smart women who flock there after dress-shows, making the place a veritable paradise—"un... paradis véritable," our actual words to the Commissaire of the 1st Arrondissement. In every dream there was a very tiny, very smart woman with two heads, each crowned by a minute, audacious hat. She may or may not have actually been in the Ritz that day; if so, she was possibly one of Michael Arlen's friends. Anyway, what impressed us, as she danced round our pillow, was the recurring mystic sadness in her piquant little faces. We thought she perhaps had a history—in fact we once intended writing a long novel round her like *The Old Wives' Tale*, starting from a humble cottage in the Bois de Boulogne, where her father was a woodcutter. "She will go far, that little dressy one with the two noggins," said the old notary, nodding sagely. As we saw the story she went maybe a little too far, but let it pass.

## Conclusion

THIS type of smart dream-woman may equally dance round the beds of leaders of *la haute couture*, and it seems to us that this might explain a lot of their designs. Too many chaps put these down to cynicism or malice. They're probably due to nothing more than a chivalrous feeling that if every other smart woman looked odd in some way, Little Two-Heads would not feel so "out of" things. But let it pass, again.

## Risk

TO assess the total cost of the Boat Race is very difficult, remarks the *Times* Rowing Correspondent. "Perhaps £2,000" on each side, he thinks.

This probably doesn't cover specialists' fees

(including protection), a chap in close touch tells us. Rowing types are very touchy about their hearts, as we happen to know. Any hint that these organs can ever be strained, cracked, chipped, or even slightly dented by hard rowing may cause a nasty scene, despite that familiar purple agony on oarsmen's pans and their frequent exhausted collapse in the bilge. Hence specialists are terrified by, and fight shy of, visits from rowing Blues; so much so that a Harley Street boy we know preferred to tell one of them what was wrong with him through the keyhole of a locked door of stout Georgian mahogany.

"It is not indigestion."

"Well?"

"You have a major trāmosis of the oblate cardiac duct, or what we call Būrpmeister's Lesion."

"What?"

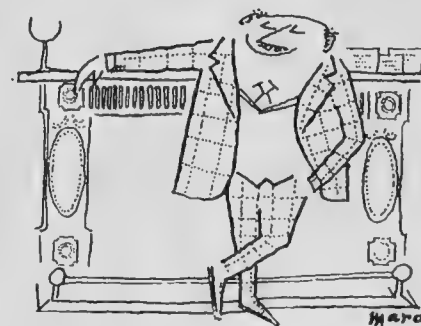
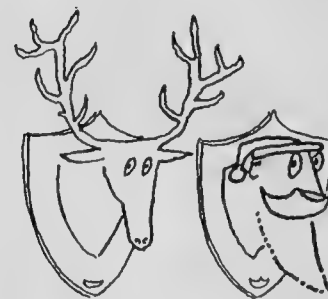
"Your heart is broken."

In this case five minutes' rather rudimentary conversational byplay with a blonde at Phyllis Court had done the trick. A broken heart does not necessarily put an end to oarsmanship, but the news gets round. The shame of it, Carruthers, the shame of it! Don't shout so loudly, old boy. (*Click of two virile jaws, meeting.*)

## Boon

AT Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, according to the Registrar-General (whose figures the most abandoned reader would scarcely dare to flout, or the most fastidious presume to improbate), women of all sizes outnumber chaps of all sizes by 1,509 to 1,000, which makes roughly 1½ women to every chap. This will interest all lovers of the South Coast and also, maybe, the eminent publishing firm of John Murray, of Albemarle Street, W.

We treasure a Murray Handbook for Sussex (1877) which dismisses Bexhill, then a village, in five lines. In 1877 Lord Byron, Mr. Murray's buddy and best-seller, had been dead barely fifty years, and the Byronic influence still hung heavy, we guess, over Albemarle Street. Had the Registrar-General obliged him with the above figures the contemporary Murray might have indulged in a pleasing little song-and-dance on the *Don Juan* pattern, we like to think.



Fill high the bowl with Sussex wine!  
Let Bexhill's maidens sing and dance!  
One-and-a-half of them are mine—  
Or would be, if they had the chance...

Excess women, dainty teas, a pier, automatic-machines, and trains leaving constantly for all parts—what would have been good enough for Byron is certainly good enough for you, and you can quote us.

## Thrill

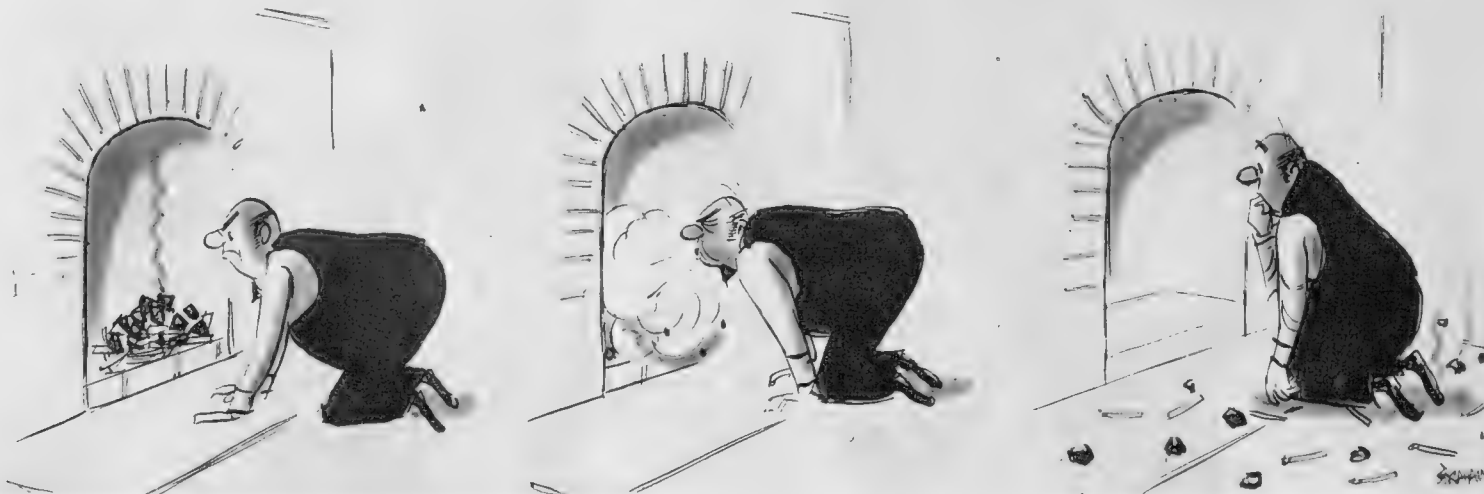
"JACKBOOTS Are Off!" roared an exultant headline, apparently designed to remove a considerable weight from the Race's mind. And in fact the new German Army's laced calf-high boots, U.S. pattern, deprive those boys of so much of the old *Schrecklichkeit* that one realises how wise Hitler was not to go round in dancing-pumps.

Hats have little or no effect on white men, but hoods still make you a bit nervous, we find. Sometime ago the "Hooded Man Mystery," involving a totally uninteresting citizen charged with the dullest of murders, over whose head the cops threw a sack to foil the Press photographers, had an eerie effect on the populace at breakfast, and in Italy we once came across a very peremptory sahib who was scared by the tall black hoods of the Misericordia, the lay brotherhood which traditionally buries the dead. It was explained to him that the reason for this garb is merely anonymity and democracy in good works. He continued nevertheless to shudder, until—having a compassionate heart and being unwilling to see a white man lose face before natives—we started reciting Kipling to him at luncheon.

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience (etc.).

It worked. Over the dessert he was reorganising Africa.

BRIGGS



—by Graham

## GAY EVENING IN THE CAUSE OF YOUTH

A MOST successful ball, of which H.H. Princess Marie Louise was President, was recently held at the Savoy in aid of the West Ham Boys' and Amateur Boxing Club. There were a few brief speeches before dancing commenced and a well-stocked tombola operated throughout the evening, which was voted an unqualified triumph



*The Marquess of Milford Haven, who is President of the club, was chatting with Mrs. Jack Steinberg, one of the vice-chairmen*



*Left: Miss P. Dunleavy was selling a raffle ticket to Lord Mancroft, who was also a vice-president of the ball*

*Right: Lady Burghley, another of the vice-presidents, and Lord Burghley were among the principal guests at the dinner*



*Left: Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Bt., the distinguished medical authority, with Princess Melikoff*



*Right: Miss Jane Morrison and Mr. Denys Bower were studying the programme of the evening's events before dinner*



## Seen Racing At Sandown Park

IN a splendid day's racing at Sandown, Lanveoc Poulmic made a great return to steeple-chasing when he led Marcianus and Rose Park to the last fence in the two miles handicap, but he unseated his jockey, D. V. Dick, and let D.U.K.W. through to win by half-a-length



*Lady Petre and the Duke of Devonshire were among those enjoying the day's racing*



*Left: Lady Forbes, whose husband is the third baron and succeeded his father in June, with Mrs. P. Crookshank*



*Right: Miss Valda Rogerson, who watched Mr. J. Rogerson's Deal Park run a dead heat with Solar City, is seen here with Mrs. Thomson Jones*

*Swaebe*

In the Country

## TRAIN OF CHARACTER



EVERY day The Broadman comes thundering out of that flat land of the morning that lies beyond Norwich—a land of vast ponds which the countryman, with his incomparable metaphor, has named so aptly. Strangely, in this snug island, you can see The Broadman long before you can hear it, for the line on either side of the platform arrives and disappears without deflection beyond the limit of sound, beyond the mysterious point where parallels meet.

It is an essentially masculine train, as it should be at that time of the morning, and the slow, strong words of countryfolk cleave their way across mists of pipe-smoke in nearly every compartment. But a change comes over the character of The Broadman in December and diminishing fumes of tobacco bear an increasing burden of perfume and words, as felted and feathered hats bob chattily to each other above the high-backed seats of the restaurant-car.

The women of East Anglia are on their way to the big city to do their Christmas shopping. They will return heavy-laden on the five-thirty from Liverpool Street—an inconveniently cosmopolitan train with typists and schoolchildren bound for the suburban limits of London squeezing out inhabitants of the outskirts of England. True, a more sedate and roomy journey awaits one on the seven-thirty, but the period is fraught with peril for those who succumb to the lure of another two hours in London after opening-time as the next train is somewhere round milking-time in the morning.

YES, it had to happen. Ever since the M.C.C. team reached Australia, I, and doubtless many others weaned on contemporary journalism, have been awaiting the first revelation of some devilish Antipodean duplicity. That the captain of England was seduced into putting Australia in to bat in the first Test match, after being allowed to win the toss, is a moment of history that has already

taken its rightful place alongside the defeat of the Spanish Armada and the Battle of Britain.

Hutton was led right up the turf wicket. Who accompanied him on his stroll? I name these gamesmen: Ian Johnson, the Australian captain, who let it be known that he wanted to bat first; Keith Miller, who said to Hutton, "That wicket's full of runs, Len"; the correspondent of the London *Times*, who hoped to see Bedser bowl the first ball of the match; the Australian Cricket Board of Control, who sent a circular to all groundsmen reminding them that the M.C.C. side contained six fast bowlers.

One can but hope that No. 10, Downing Street, which has been handling a delicate international situation rather well lately, will not let this one deteriorate.

I WELL recall Charles Lyttelton, who was then captain of Worcestershire and is now Viscount Cobham, discussing with me on the eve of the Australians' 1938 visit what he should do if he won the toss. I was concerned because it would fall upon me to deliver the first ball.

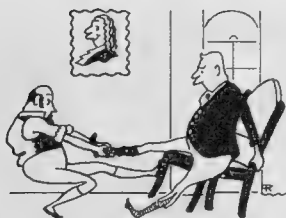
We eventually decided that as the Worcester wicket was always at its liveliest before it relapsed into its afternoon siesta we would have at them on the first morning.

During the course of a longish day, Bradman scored well over 200 and the Australians something more than 400.

—ROBERT CRISP

## At The Races

## THE ROYAL RECORD



PERSONAL affection for the Monarch quite apart, the world's record achieved by Her Majesty by heading the list of winning owners in 1954 was of the highest satisfaction to such a horse-loving country as England. Furthermore, it was another feather in the cap of the distaff side of racehorse owners to-day. The lady owner, both on the flat and over the obstacles, is at this time treading hard upon the heels of her supposedly more robust male competitor!

Many people are only interested in their horses as instruments of gaming, but this has never been true where the Queen is concerned, for she is genuinely fond of horses, and it is, therefore, all the more fitting that she should have achieved this record. Much as she was interested in racing, and much as she did for the Turf, Queen Anne never even approached our well-beloved Queen's winning lot, even

though she was assisted by her very astute racing manager, Tregonwell Frampton.

I am also sure that another Queen who was fond of horses, Boadicea, whom the purist will call Boudicca, never won a race even though she ruled over that horsey tribe the Iceni, whose G.H.Q. was at Ixning, the modern Exning, after which a race at Newmarket has been named. The cavalry divisions at Ixning may have run their own Grand Military. There are no records, but the odds are almost overwhelmingly on it. Soldiers invariably do that sort of thing.

CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD's success in inducing Aureole to be the principal contributor to the Queen's total of winnings is in itself a very noteworthy performance, for this animal is not everybody's cup of tea, and has ideas of his own, to put things no higher. But Cecil Boyd-Rochford, though he has never been light enough to ride the animal which he trains so well in

his work, let alone racing, is full of that thing called animal magnetism, which means so much.

Another trainer to the Queen, Noel Murless, has had an even more troublesome problem with Landau, but this recent ignominious effort in America cannot be laid entirely at his door, for it was hardly fair to greet an animal of his temperament with a brass band and he was quite justified in declining to come ashore until the musicians discontinued their uproar. Even if it had been a Sousa march we should have all sympathy with him! There were no jazz bands at Newmarket, however, so we must draw our own conclusions, and not put on our betting boots if, and when, he comes our way again.

"TALKING TO ANIMALS," by Barbara Woodhouse (Faber; 15s.), propounds a theory for taming even the wildest, which is at any rate a novel one! Mrs. Woodhouse says that you can do it by breathing up their nostrils. This sounds quite easy if you have the necessary nerve, but, personally, I have not met many animals, in particular horses, upon which I should care to try it! As to some other animals, pig (wild), tigers (also wild), cobras, and a few more, it would have been plain suicide to attempt such a thing. I would not even trust a camel, whose bite, incidentally, is very poisonous.

—SABRETACHE



#### A KING'S COUSIN IN IRELAND

PRINCESS MELLA DE CROY, seventeen-year-old cousin of King Baudouin of the Belgians, recently arrived in Dublin to perfect herself in horsemanship under Lt.-Col. Hume-Dudgeon, who trained the British Army jumping team. Her instructor considers she will make an excellent horsewoman. The Princess will ride to hounds during her fortnight's visit, and hopes to take an Irish hunter back to Belgium on her return



AN ORIENTAL GROUP, "Les Delices de l'Enfance," after Boucher, now in the Paine Collection (Boston, U.S.A.) of Chelsea Porcelain. It is one of the pieces illustrated in *The Connoisseur Year Book*, 1955, price 21s.

Book

Reviews

by

Elizabeth

Bowen



## ANCESTOR OF SIR WINSTON

**A**NCESTRY is history in itself. Anita Leslie's *THE FABULOUS LEONARD JEROME* (Hutchinson; 21s.) comes to us at an appropriate moment, for here is the story of Sir Winston Churchill's American grandfather—who was, also, Miss Leslie's great-grandfather.

The book, already fascinating in subject, gains from having been written from the "inside" of a family. Fragile trifles, lacy parasols laid away in the attics of a great Irish house, ball gowns shaken out of their tissue wrappings, each with its legend

stitched to it by a loving hand, first drew Miss Leslie's imagination, in her own girlhood, to the girlhood of those three lovely Miss Jeromes who were to become Mrs. Moreton Frewen, Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady Leslie. And, behind his daughters, their "fabulous" father, maker and loser of three fortunes, was to be glimpsed.

Where fancy led, intelligence followed. Impossible not to have heard of Leonard Jerome—even if one had not been his descendant. Miss Leslie came to desire to know more, indeed, if possible all, about him. She has worked accordingly, and her book bears the stamp of far-ranging and careful research.

Leonard Jerome's tracks, from the time they emerged into the limelight which must attend success, cannot have been difficult to follow; if anything, the problem must have been that they covered so much ground in so short a time.

**F**OR here, in very truth, was a man who lived several lives at once—a man whose energy and complexity makes him stranger than the creation of any novelist—and who, I feel, would therefore have filled the "outside" biographer with alarm. The great-granddaughter, however, can command the enormous field of family hearsay. She has been in contact with those for whom Mr. Jerome's dynamic personality remained forever a living force. And, from the documentary point of view, which is no less important, she has had access to a wealth of family letters.

The Jeromes came of French Huguenot stock. The line from which Leonard sprang had settled, and was farming sufficient land, near Syracuse, in the west of the State of New York. He was one of a family of many sons, and it was necessary

that each should make his own way in the world. In any case, he would have left home, for he reacted strongly against the paternal puritanism—exemplified by such instances as his father smashing his beloved violin—because he was heard to be playing it on a Sunday! (Though Leonard never himself performed again, his passion for music, which he transmitted to his daughters, was to be one of the dominating influences in his life.)

Rochester, N.Y., was to be the scene of the early phases of his career: his ownership of and fearless campaign with the local newspaper foreshadowed his later control of the *New York Times*. He married a dark-eyed beauty, Miss Clara Hall, to whose family attached the romantic legend of Red Indian blood. A move to the more challenging world of New York City was, given Leonard's potentialities, inevitable.

**M**ISS LESLIE, with equal and affectionate sympathy for both parties, has sketched the Leonard Jeromes' young married life: he, involved on the battleground of Wall Street, taking and justifying increasingly vast risks, his wife sitting at home in Brooklyn, perfecting her already innate sense of dress and experimenting with interior decoration.

Not unexpectedly, this book is packed with very exciting stuff. We have a financial, social and political picture of the New York of the mid-nineteenth-century boom days. We have the racing world—Leonard Jerome founded the Jockey Club of America—the yachting (this was no less one of his interests) and the operatic.

But, probably, the whirlwind courtship of Jenny by Lord Randolph Churchill, and the picture of their young married days (in the setting of social-political London) will be found most enthralling. For with this goes the childhood of the elder of their two sons. "Winston," Lady Randolph wrote, in an 1880 letter to her mother, "is a very good boy, and is getting on with his lessons, but he is a most difficult child to manage."

*Continued on page 670*



PAIR OF MUSICIANS, two more of the Chelsea figures which are shown in *The Connoisseur Year Book*, 1955, a superb production which will be avidly sought by students of the antique





## Masters of the Palette

by Baron

VASCO LAZZOLO received his artistic education at Liverpool and the Slade. His first Academy picture was painted in an air-raid shelter, and since then he has progressed from commercial illustrating to portraiture. His sitters have ranged from Margaret Leighton to Stirling Moss, and he has also designed the Duke of Edinburgh Trophy for British Amateur Boys Boxing. Among his sculpture subjects have been the Duke of Edinburgh, Peter Ustinov and Somerset Maugham





A CHOICE  
FOR THE WEEK

This very warm and practical jacket of raspberry-red suède is cut with a long straight line that looks young and new. The collar, cuffs and welt are of ribbed wool bound with suède. It costs 12 gns.

# THE LONG, STRAIGHT LINE SUITS THE SPORTSWOMAN

Slim and whippy as a club,  
in tweed and suède twosome

OUR choice this week comes from Lillywhites and has been specially picked for the woman who plays golf and lives in the country. Such a woman needs clothes that keep out the wind and the rain, and are cut with enough room for unhampered movement

Made of dark red and black Otterburn tweed, this skirt with its groups of pleats is roomy but keeps a slim line. Moth-proof and extremely tough, it costs 7½ gns. The calf shoes are £6 19s. 6d.

by Mariel Deans

This little ribbed wool cap is made with a stiffened peak to shade your eyes when playing into the sun. It costs 16s. 6d. and, like all the other merchandise on these two pages, comes from Lillywhites



John French





## *Armed cap-à-pie for*

A BED-JACKET for Granny, records for Ronnie, something for those people who are so kind to the children. Wine to order, tree to buy, the poulterer to be Bullied about the Bird. . . . Christmas becomes for the housewife a battle of endurance

*MOTHER and daughter, window-shopping for sweets, are both dressed by Harvey Nichols. Mother's thick, dark tweed two-piece, black with a tan fleck, is a copy of a French original. The dress has a pouched back, and the jacket is lined with black astrakhan cloth. Her beret is black velvet. The small girl's double-breasted fawn Harris tweed coat has brown velvet collar and pocket flaps, her knitted patterned beret comes from Fair Isle*



## *battle*

**B**UT it is a battle half won, as (for a woman) are most battles if she feels warm, well-dressed and that she is looking wonderful! We hope our readers will find on these pages dress examples that fill all these morale-raising requirements





## Blows

*A beautifully tailored suit of pale, silver-grey worsted with high-placed breast pockets cut with gently curving cuffs. The jacket has a long, closely fitting line whilst the skirt is very straight and slender*

*This is a Sylvia Mills suit and all inquiries should be sent to 5 Newman Street, W.1. The hat, made in two tones of grey velvet, is, like the others on these two pages, by Gaby Louise*



*Motoluxe make this wonderfully cosy coat of soft beaver-coloured nylon fur fabric. It has a big draught-excluding collar and a very wide wrap to the skirt. This is an excellent coat for the motorist as well as for the Christmas shopper. It is sold by Marshall & Snelgrove of Oxford Street*

## ... South or East

# he Wind...

*This good-looking, double-breasted coat of camel-coloured wool and cashmere by M. and S. Haar has a big storm collar that can be worn up or down. Very light and warm, it is a useful coat for wearing either in town or country. It is sold by Debenham & Freebody of Wigmore Street*

*Here, in a close-up view, is the big turned-up collar of the wool and camel hair coat shown above. The hat is made in a grey beige melusine, trimmed with a large copper pin*







Two novel and attractive bags by the Paris house of Bagcraft, in fine quality calf with a new-type sliding shutter. The box shape is £15 3s., and the drum, £13 1s. From Fortnum and Mason

## It's "In the Bag!"

—that one can most successfully apply the *recherché* touch which gives final definition to a smart ensemble for day or evening wear. Here are some examples of the very newest designs and shapes—JEAN CLELAND



Bagcraft's Classic envelope "clutch" bag in a new material, Antelopette, £5 1s. 3d. Pear-shaped bag in fine calf, £4 8s. 9d. Both are stocked by Fortnum and Mason



Evening duet: French satin scarf with multi-coloured stars, £3 13s. 6d. Black grosgrain bag with diamanté fastening, £5 5s. Both are from Woollands

Dashingly in concordance are this bag and scarf set in Rodier material. Colours, green and rust, brown and yellow, grey and blue. Price 9½ gns. From Debenham and Freebody



Dennis Smith



Quilted satin and a gilt frame set with coloured stones compose the lovely example on the extreme left, price 14 gns. The other, of black satin striped with velvet, is 9½ gns. Both are from Debenham and Freebody

## Shopping List

# ROYAL WORCESTER IN THE OVEN

FROM oven to table without dishing up. This is something in which most of us are interested, and I am delighted to see that Royal Worcester have given a "lift" to labour saving, with a lovely range of dishes in which you can roast, stew, poach or grill. Made in gold and silver lustre fireproof porcelain, these are as elegant as they are durable and useful.

You can get oval shapes (8s. 9d.) for fish and vegetable *au gratin*, scallop shells (4s. 9d.) for scallops and other fish recipes, ramikins (3s. 6d.) for cheese soufflés and savouries. There are also casseroles, round egg dishes for *œufs sur le plat*, and many others, all of which are guaranteed against oven breakage. Dishes such as these add ease to the cooking and charm to the table. They can be obtained from most of the leading stores.

★ ★ ★

IN this season of fogs and murky weather, car windows that "mist up" just when you are in the thick of the traffic add considerably to the perils of driving. I have tried various ways of counteracting this problem, without much success, but am now happy in the possession of a new anti-mist cloth called "Smog," which really does do the

job. Designed to eliminate condensation and mist, the cloth is impregnated and non-greasy, and costs 2s. 6d. All you have to do is to keep it handy and, as soon as mist occurs, rub over the windscreen. One wipe, back and forth, keeps the glass clear from two to twenty-four hours, according to the temperature, and if that isn't value for money in the life of a busy motorist, I do not know what is.

★ ★ ★

FEW things give me greater pleasure than to find new ways of presenting and decorating food. One of the newest gadgets I have come across is the "Egg Wedger," which as a nice change from slices, cuts a hard-boiled egg into wedges, and makes it look so decorative that even the hen would be surprised. Price 6s. 1d., from Bourne and Hollingsworth.

★ ★ ★

MOST people travel "light" for week-end visits, without fitted accessories to their luggage, and it is quite easy to forget some necessary article such as a clothes brush. A new kind of folding clothes hanger provides against this, by having a couple of flat brushes neatly inserted into each end of the hanger. Called "Trinco," it performs two jobs, saves space and loss of temper, and costs only 3s. 11d. Obtainable from Selfridges.



Examples of the new and very good-looking porcelain ovenware by Royal Worcester





## Beauty

## The Gift with Imagination

Jean Cleland

**S**OMEONE once described the essence of a good present as "being given something that one would not necessarily buy for oneself." This means, of course, something in the nature of an extravagance, which, consequently, is utterly delightful and dear to the feminine heart



**U**NDER this heading comes the large variety of beauty products and sweet-smelling luxuries that do so much to flatter the looks and boost the morale. In choosing any of these for your gifts, you can be sure of giving pleasure to your women friends, whether they be young or old, married or single.

When you go trailing round the shops in your annual search of what to buy for whom—stopping only for a cup of tea and a couple of aspirins—bear in mind these things of beauty, that go so far towards solving the problem, providing they are chosen with care and forethought.

**F**ORETHOUGHT specially is of enormous importance, since it makes all the difference between pleasure and disappointment. Suppose, for example, that you decide to give a box of face powder to your friend Mrs. A., who always looks so well groomed. Being a sophisticated woman, she probably likes a particular make which goes with the rest of her preparations and cosmetics. Find out—if you do not know already—what this brand may be, and make a note of it, together with the shade that suits her. She will not thank you for some kind of powder (however good it may be) that she is not in the habit of using, nor will she find any use for a shade that doesn't suit her

particular colouring. The little extra thought will ensure sincere gratitude instead of a perfunctory "thank you" for something which, however expensive, is of no practical use.

The same kind of thing applies to beauty preparations, which should never be bought at random or because you yourself find them good. What is excellent for you may be totally unsuitable for someone whose skin is of an entirely different type. Creams and lotions are individual and should only be given to those friends whose tastes are known to you.

Bath luxuries offer a wide scope in the way of presents, but here again there are some snags to be avoided if the gift is to be fully appreciated. Most smart women with a feeling for fashion have one—or perhaps two or three—particular scents to which they adhere faithfully. These are their theme song and a part of their personality. Nothing, therefore, is more disappointing than to be given bath luxuries—essence, bath salts and talc—in a fragrance that conflicts with the main theme.

**H**ENCE, if the theme is Patou or Guerlain (for the sake of argument) it is a pity to choose some other definite note such as Chanel or Lanvin. If you know what your friend uses in the way of scent, well and good, you can go ahead and choose the bath accessories to match it. If not, there are any number of delicate fragrances that, while beautifully fresh, blend with almost any perfume.

The best choice is one of the flower ranges among which there is a large selection. Colognes and lavenders, too, are good mixers and can be used by young and old, all and sundry, with equal pleasure.

For something a little different, the comparatively new bath oils are a change from the usual essences, and are particularly advisable for those whose skin is inclined to be extra dry. If you know of anyone in your family circle, or among your intimate friends, who suffers in this way, here is a gift that is likely to be very welcome.

**T**HOSE of your friends who are going on holiday, or who habitually travel a good deal, will thank you for the kind of soap that is specially made to lather in salt water. They would, no doubt, be delighted, too, with one of the beauty travel cases for carrying various preparations. There is a wide range of these, from the expensive leather ones to the smaller plastic kind, or even the little chintz hold-alls, fitted up with jars and bottles.

For friends who travel mostly by air, you would do well to choose one of the cases with plastic containers, since these are extremely light for taking on the plane. Unless you are sure which

preparations your friend is in the habit of using, it is much better to buy a case in which the jars and bottles are empty. She can then fill them up with her own creams and lotions.

**I**F you are still in that state (which seems to affect all Christmas shoppers) when the mind becomes blank, take heart, and consider for a moment the many other delightful gifts which come within the beauty range. Jewelled lipstick cases, unfilled, and ready to receive the pet lipstick which can easily be inserted by the recipient. Compacts of all kinds, from the simple, inexpensive ones, to those combined with a compartment for cigarettes. Little "Perfumerettes" for carrying scent in the handbag, downy powder puffs in chiffon handkerchiefs, and solid Colognes and lavenders to give refreshment when one is hot and wilting.

When all else fails, there is always that useful present, a gift token, which allows a friend to choose what she likes for herself. Or, if you want to give something really exciting, why not a special token from one of the beauty or hairdressing salons, which can be exchanged for a beauty treatment (or a series of treatments) or a smart hair-do.



Christian Dior's "Diorama" is a sophisticated scent with a tantalizing undertone of Jasmine. A 2-oz. bottle costs £15, 1-oz. £9 18s. 0d., ½-oz. £6 19s. 6d.



Bradleys ranch mink coat with adaptable sleeves.



*the name*

*of authority*

*in furs*

**Bradleys**

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1



THE ALVIS TC.21/100 is a coupé which joins 100 m.p.h. sports performance to luxury. The hood can be operated from inside the car and can either be folded back as a coupé-de-ville, or completely flat as an open tourer. The price, including Smith's air-conditioning unit, is £1,360, plus £567 15s. 10d. purchase tax

## Motoring

by

Oliver Stewart



# Bar that Starting Handle

THE classic advice to those about to lay up their cars for the first months of the year is, don't. It is based on the fact that a car in regular service deteriorates less rapidly than a car laid up—unless, that is, the laying up has been done with great care. So it comes to this: if the car is laid up during the winter it is so much idle capital and when it is taken out again it will probably run less well than if it had been used regularly all the time. But to run comfortably through the snow, ice and fog period a certain amount of money must be spent. Tyre treads must be in good condition as must the whole of the electrical system.

Garage owners will tell you that, in spite of all the supposed improvements of the past few years, the first really cold day brings with it a spate of starting troubles. And here I would like to express my approval of those car manufacturers who do *not* supply a starting handle with their vehicles. Nothing is so destructive of the pleasure of motoring as the need to get out the starting handle and to turn the engine by hand. It is a dirty, heavy and—to those not in training for that kind of thing—a dangerous job.

Yet if you look through the instruction books of many quite expensive motor cars you will still find there the advice that, on very cold mornings, the engine should be turned by hand before engaging the electric starter. My view is that that advice, when handed out to the owner of any up-to-date car, is pernicious rubbish. None such should ever be asked to use a starting handle.

NOW for a word about the cars for which starting handles are still not only permissible but obligatory, the old cars. I call them "old" because I have just been reading with delight a book called *The Vintage Motor Car* and in it the authors Cecil Clutton and John Stanford group old cars under three titles: veteran cars up to 1904; Edwardian cars from 1905 to 1916 and vintage cars from 1919 to 1930. In this book, which is published by Batsford, one can meet again those friends of the past the Bugatti, the Ballot, the front drive Alvis, the Hispano-Suiza and the Napier.

My first recollection of Brooklands was seeing a Napier car circling the track, moving fast and high on the banking, and to this day I

regret not seeing that famous name in the lists of modern high-class motor cars. Clutton and Stanford's book is largely factual. It does not attempt to paint pictures; but it is invaluable as a reference work and I believe it will assist greatly in spreading appreciation of the efforts of those who built the vintage models.

YET another book which should be mentioned at this time of year is the Anglo-Iranian *The Moving Spirit*, made from the cartoon film. This contains some entertaining, boldly drawn pictures which describe in a highly diverting manner how the motor car grew up. It embodies a painting competition for children in two groups, the second group up to fifteen years of age. The simple explanation, by coloured pictures, of the way an engine works is admirably done and in every illustration there is a delightful humorous touch.

On a more practical note I return to the problems of all the year round motoring. The British Motor Corporation's service voucher plan is to be welcomed. It applies to Austin, Morris, Wolseley, Riley and M.G. cars. The objective is to preserve the value of the car and the voucher plan covers all necessary servicing for 12,000 miles of motoring. Every buyer of a new B.M.C. car will receive a book of vouchers with the jobs which should be done printed on them. Thus the scheme is not only economically useful to the owner, but is also a form of reminder of the necessary servicing.

FROM the University of Durham there came to one of the medical papers, *The Lancet*, a useful reminder on the care which is needed when statistics of road accidents are being interpreted. "In 1950, it is stated, 44 per cent of all those killed on the roads were

pedestrians; only 7 per cent, 5 per cent and 2 per cent were killed in motor cars, goods transport vehicles and buses. 'Thus' it is deduced, 'those who ride inside vehicles are far safer than those who walk.' The writer, D. J. Newell comments: "Far fewer test pilots were killed in 1950 than farmers. Are we to deduce that being a test pilot is one of the safer occupations in this country? In this example, at least, it should be obvious that fewer test pilots were killed because there were fewer of them."

It is a point which is often overlooked, not only by members of the general public, but also by those who claim to be bringing scientific knowledge to bear on the problem. Consequently I feel that that cautionary letter is well worth noting. It is likely that, if a true statistical assessment could be made, it would show that moving about by road is by far the safest way. But when the roads are being compared with other ways of getting about, the total number of users is almost invariably overlooked.

AN increase in imports of motor cars, including British, is reported from Switzerland. And that point reminds me that the Swiss are also going ahead with their air transport developments. Swissair, one of the world's most efficient aircraft operators, is to increase its fleet. Hitherto that fleet has been mainly Douglas machines with seven or eight (I forget the exact number) of Convair-Liner 240s.

The services use the Douglas DC6Bs on the Zürich route and the Convair-Liners on the Geneva and Basle routes. Quite recently Swissair appointed a manager for Ireland.

THOUGH I started this article with gloomy references to winter weather it is worth remembering that some considerable events occur in the motoring calendar in January, among them the Monte Carlo. And the first race of the year is on the 8th, the New Zealand Grand Prix. The Argentine Grand Prix is also in this month. Then, in England, there is that enterprising innovation of a national meeting at Brands Hatch on Boxing Day, December 27. It is being organized by the British Racing and Sports Car Club and I hear that entries are good.

As for the motor shows, there is the Brussels Show in January—on the 15th—and the Swiss Show in March. So there is less reason than usual for thinking of the winter as a motoring "off" season.

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My sliding roof could be.  
Through summer rain and autumn mist  
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Is justified for me—  
I've opened up to carry home  
An eight-foot Christmas tree.

—PRENDERGAST



A vintage advertisement for Mayfair Chocolates. The background is a yellow wall with a brick border at the top and bottom. At the top, a pair of hands holds a round tin filled with various chocolates and toffees. The tin is labeled "Mayfair S AND CHOCOLATES Delicious!". To the right, a large speech bubble contains the word "Irresistible!". In the center, the brand name "Mayfair" is written in a large, red, cursive font, followed by "ASSORTMENTS OF CHOCOLATES & TOFFEES" in a bold, red, sans-serif font. To the right of this text is a circular inset showing a woman's face in profile, eating a chocolate, with the word "Mayfair" written in red cursive across her mouth. On the left, a young girl with blonde hair in a large red bow, wearing a green and white polka-dot dress with a white lace collar and a red bow, stands with one arm raised towards the tin. At the bottom, a young boy in a yellow shirt and blue overalls is crawling on a stone path, looking up at the girl. A yellow sign is posted on the brick wall, featuring the text "Now two exciting new lines!" in green cursive, followed by "SUPER ASSORTMENT" and "NUT ASSORTMENT" in bold red letters, and their respective contents in smaller black text.

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# THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S REVIEW



## FLOYD—CECIL

Mr. G. H. C. Floyd, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Floyd, of Farleigh Hassacks, Basingstoke, married the Hon. Gillian Moyra Katherine Cecil, daughter of Lord Burghley, of Barton House, Lockinge, Wantage, and of Lady Mary Burghley, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



## ROSE—SHEPHERD-WELLESLEY

Mr. Cecil Norman Rose, son of the late Mr. Rose, and of Mrs. Rose, of Norwich, and Miss Anne Shepherd-Wellesley, daughter of the late Capt. Gerald Shepherd-Wellesley, R. E., and of Mrs. C. H. Smith, of "Trees," Eaton Chase, Norwich, were married at Eaton Church, Norwich



## LYNCH—WILLIAMS

Capt. Ivan Wise Lynch, The Rifle Brigade, only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Lynch, of Warren Lodge, Storrington, Sussex, married Miss Jennifer Williams, eldest daughter of Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., and Mrs. Williams, of Llys Meirchion, Denbigh, North Wales, at St. Sadwrn's Church, Henllan



## MORGAN—JAMES

At St. Cadoc's Church, Raglan, Monmouthshire, Mr. William Morgan, younger son of Mr. Emlyn Morgan, J.P., M.F.H., and Mrs. Morgan, of Brockworth Court, near Gloucester, married Miss Margaret Hilda James, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. James, of New House, Llandenny, Monmouthshire



## ROWE—RENWICK

Mr. Antony Duncan Rowe, third son of the late Mr. G. D. Rowe, and of Mrs. Rowe, of Heron's Court, Yateley, Hants, married Miss Jennifer Renwick, second daughter of Sir Robert Renwick, Bt., and of Mrs. John Ormiston, of Landermere Hall, Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex



## MILLS—RUSSELL WOOD

Capt. Julian C. S. Mills, youngest son of Major and Mrs. J. D. Mills, of Bisterne, Ringwood, Hants, married Miss Diana R. Russell Wood, younger daughter of Major H. Russell Wood, and of Mrs. F. N. Lloyd, of Shipton Moyne, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, at St. John the Baptist's Church, Shipton Moyne



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## SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



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*Miss Lucinda Leveson-Gower, daughter of Brig. H. N. Leveson-Gower and of Mrs. E. A. Simpson, of Upper Phillimore Gardens, W.8, has announced her engagement to Mr. Spencer Le Marchant, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Le Marchant, of Wolford Lodge, Honiton, Devon*



*Miss Meryl S. Guinness, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Guinness, of Lodge Park, Straffan, Co. Kildare, is to marry Mr. John Brabazon Booth, son of Lt.-Col. E. B. Booth, D.S.O., and Mrs. Booth, of Darver Castle, Dundalk, Co. Louth*

Pearl Freeman



Fayer

*Miss Iona Sinclair, younger daughter of Major-Gen. Sir John Sinclair, K.C.M.G., C.B., O.B.E., and Lady Sinclair, of East Ashling Grange, Chichester, Sussex, has become engaged to Capt. Robin Macdonald Carnegie, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, younger son of the late Sir Francis Carnegie, C.B.E., and of Lady Carnegie, of Blackheath, S.E.3*

*Miss Elizabeth Ann Rossiter, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Rossiter, of Lynn Cottage, Farnham, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Mr. Donald F. Sidnell, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Sidnell, of Horley, Surrey*



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## Books [Continuing from page 654]

### The Norman Conquest as it was

"THE FOURTEENTH OF OCTOBER," by Bryher (Collins, 10s. 6d.), has been acclaimed by Dame Edith Sitwell as a masterpiece—and one cannot wonder. This is far from being a historical novel in the usual sense; it is far more as though the author were setting down an intense experience lived through in a former life, and not yet exceeded in any life since. Could a woman, living and writing now, have been a lad in the troubled England of 1066? Far be it for a reviewer to get to grips with the vexed question of re-incarnation, but, reading *The Fourteenth Of October*, one might almost think she might.

FOR the climax we have the Battle of Hastings, though this takes place off-stage. Our young narrator having arrived too late to place himself under King Harold's banner, finds himself in the outer area of hearsay, desperate high hopes, and finally dismay. But the self-told story has opened eight years before, with a Danish raid on the Yorkshire coast. "A messenger had galloped into our yard at the very end of a peaceful Sunday afternoon, calling out as soon as he could see us, 'The Danes, the Danes. . . .' There had been no peace as long as I could remember. We never knew where the shield-hung dragon-ships would strike." Wulf's father, Leofwen, is slain; the boy is prevailed upon to go back with the Danes as a hostage—in that case, the Yorkshire lands to which he is heir will be held for him (it is promised) till his return.

But the Danes sell Wulf to the Normans: years of the boy's life are to be spent, as keeper of hounds, in durance in the baron Rollo's brutish castle, not far from the hostile Brittany border. Those who will claim, or would wish to claim, Norman descent will, on reading these chapters, have an eye-opener. The horrors of this establishment, under "normal" life, seem hardly less than those of the siege. Wulf, in company with a fellow Saxon, manages to escape during a sortie: the two take ship and reach Rafe's Cornish home. Even here, however, there is to be no peace: Saxon England is on the eve of its last stand.

NOWADAYS we take the Norman Conquest for granted. *The Fourteenth Of October* makes us realize how bitter for England it was to be conquered. Our Saxon ancestors (for whom young Wulf speaks) bit upon their defeat much as we should have. Mellow autumn and sweet spring were alike poisoned; high hearts sank; honour seemed lost. No invading enemy having since then set foot upon our shores, those dark days may have all but vanished from racial memory.

Why, it may be asked, should the story-teller recall for us "Old unhappy far off things and battles long ago?" The answer is that, throughout, splendour prevails. Bryher has conjured up for us the dear English countryside not only of then but of today. Love of this land has kept its sons' spirit true. *The Fourteenth Of October*, though naturalistic and told as a boy might speak, is poetic, too. No one will ever forget (as a boy did not) that fleeting view of King Harold.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE of Blundell's shows how the nineteenth-century buildings faithfully reflect the spirit of a school founded in 1604

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. Patman

## Blundell's

AFTER 350 years of continuous history, Blundell's School, Tiverton, still remains faithful to the traditions laid down by its founder, Peter Blundell. A native of the town, he began life in a humble way, and subsequently went to London, where he amassed a considerable fortune as a clothier. He was determined to give to others advantages which he himself had never enjoyed, and by his will of 1599 bequeathed a sufficient sum to build and endow not only a free grammar school, but to make provision for pupils of the school to go to Oxford and Cambridge by founding scholarships at Balliol and Sidney Sussex colleges.

Blundell's, destined to become one of the great public schools of the country, was first housed in buildings erected in 1604 under the supervision of his close friend, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir John Popham. In 1882 the school was moved to Horsdon, just outside the town, from the site it had occupied for nearly three centuries. The migration was inspired by Augustus Lawrence Francis, one of the most distinguished of the long line of headmasters, who for forty-three years steered the destinies of the school, now ably administered by Mr. J. S. Carter, the present headmaster.

The life and customs of the old school are immortalized by R. D. Blackmore, a former scholar, in *Lorna Doone*. On the triangular lawn in front of Old Blundell's, John Ridd fought the schoolboy battles, so graphically described in the early chapters of the famous novel. During the Civil War, Fairfax made his headquarters in the school when the Parliamentary troops attacked Tiverton Castle in 1645. When the school moved the old building was sold, but it was bought back by Old Blundellians and given to the Governors in 1946.

OLD Boy's Day is almost as old as the school itself. Although little is known of it until the eighteenth century, it has been celebrated for at least 230 years. Old Blundellians attend service in St. Peter's Church, which is, like the school, of considerable antiquity.

The present site of more than fifty acres above the unspoilt Exe Valley is well equipped with up-to-date buildings to meet the needs of a modern public school, with six boarding houses grouped round the main buildings.

Records exist to show that cricket was firmly established in the 1860s, when the game was played on the green in front of Old Blundell's. The present field, surrounded on three sides by its Chapel, Big School and

boarding houses and open on the south side to the wooded slopes of Newte's Hill rising in the distance, is as fair a setting for cricket as one could wish. In the early days when transport was a difficult problem, only two school sides were met, but today Downside, the R.N.C., Dartmouth, Sherborne and Taunton are regular opponents, in addition to time-honoured games with Devon Dumplings, Exeter and N. Devon.

BLUNDELL'S was probably the first side to play under Rugby rules in the south-western counties, as there is a record of a match in 1869. Until World War One most of the games were against club sides, but apart from the annual match with the Tiverton club first met over seventy years ago, matches are now confined to inter-school games, and in these Blundell's can claim a splendid record. In 1940, the school were worthy winners of the public schools' "Sevens."

The success of any school side depends for its success largely on coaching, and Blundell's are fortunate in having such excellent coaches as Grahame Parker, the England Rugby international, R. G. Seldon, a former Devon cricket captain, and T. R. K. Jones. The school's long connection with the Services is reflected in a vigorous Combined Cadet Force, with many successes at Bisley.

*Bedford School will appear in December 22 issue.*



H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER leaving the chapel, when she visited Blundell's on its 350th anniversary last June. Behind her is Sir John Heathcoat-Amory, Bt., and beside her the headmaster, Mr. J. S. Carter

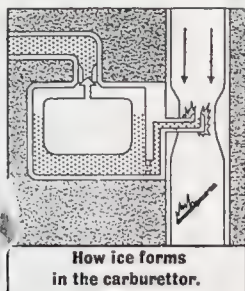


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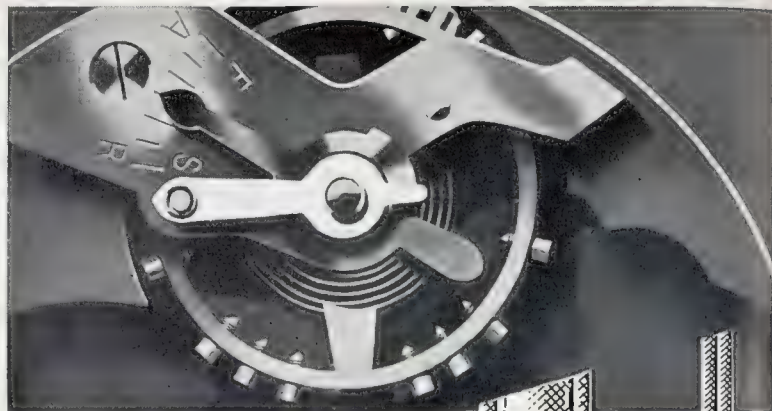
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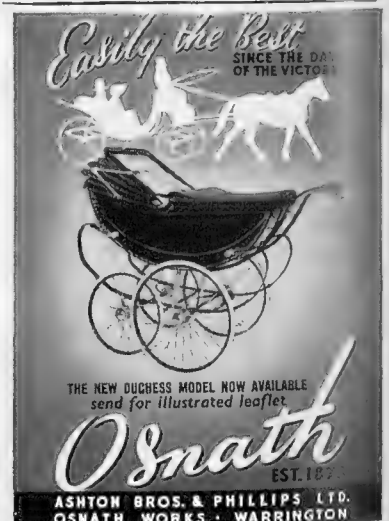
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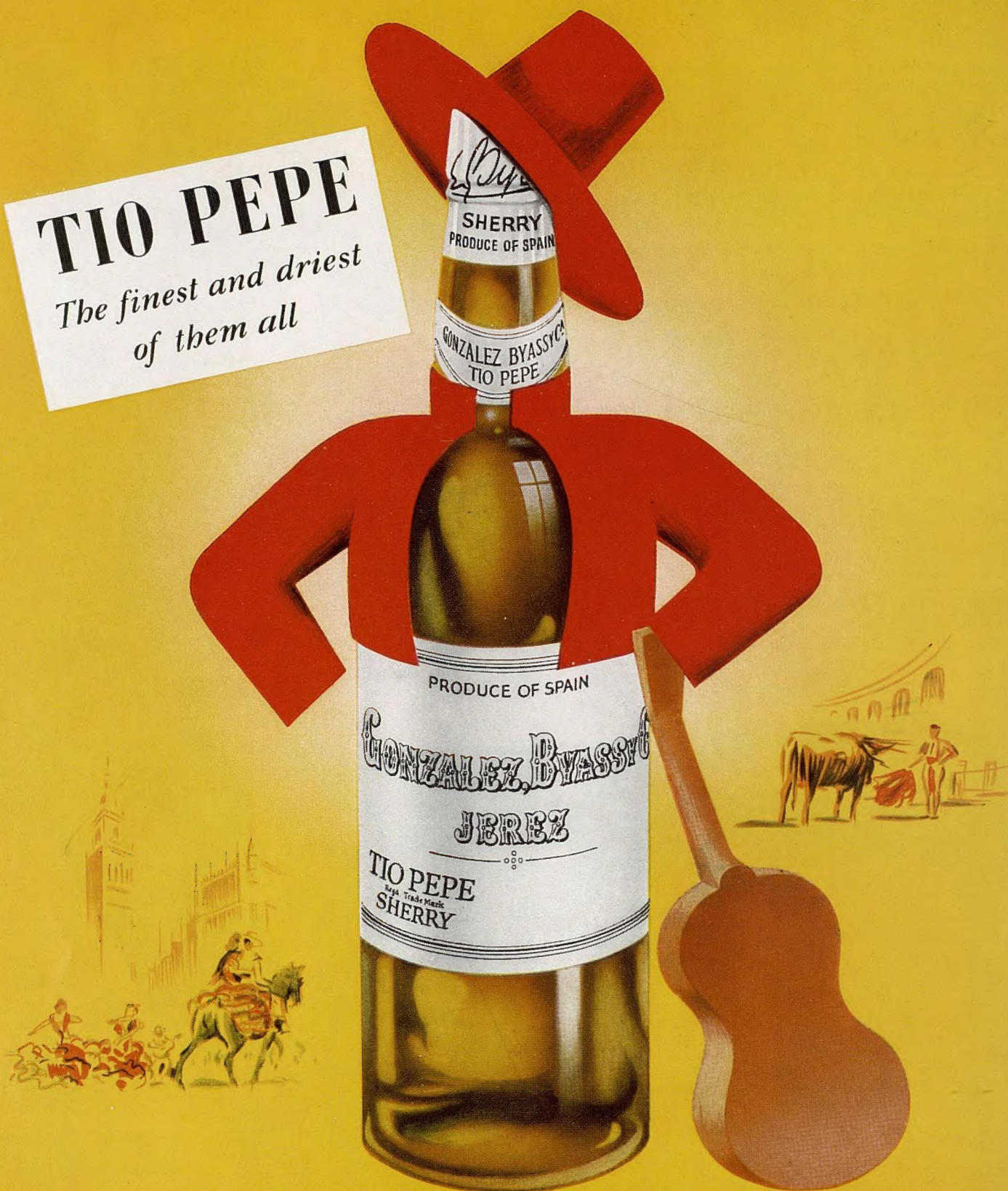


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